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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK.—HORACE GREELEY AT HOME—MR. GREELEY ON HIS WAY TO WORK, SURROUNDED BY HIS FRIENDS OF THE FOREST.
FROM A SKETCH BY A. BERGHAUS.—SEE PAGE 187.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
637 PEARL STREET, N.Y. YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
NEW YORK, JUNE 1, 1872.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest established Illustrated Paper in America.

We are certain that all honorable and intelligent men, whether of the House of Representatives or of the Senate, will support that amendment of the Tariff, equalizing the duty to 20 per cent. ad valorem on printing-paper, as reported by the Committee of the Whole to the House.

DAWES'S TRICKS.

THE law now provides that there shall be levied and collected upon printing-paper (unsized) used for books and newspapers exclusively 20 per cent. *ad valorem*—upon all other "not provided for," 35 per cent. *ad valorem*.

The trick consists in the use of the word "unsized" being inserted in the existing law, by a friend of Mr. Dawes, who is a large paper manufacturer; and Mr. Dawes, although he well knows that it is a fraud, yet persistently tries to keep that word in, thereby having the effect of nullifying the law, and making the bulk of imported printing-paper pay 35 instead of 20 per cent.

All foreign daily and weekly newspapers are printed on sized paper—unsized printing-paper was unknown abroad until ordered by some Americans to enable them to save 15 per cent. duty.

All American weekly papers and good books are printed on sized paper.

None but sized paper is used on Harpers' Journals, FRANK LESLIE'S JOURNALS, Appleton's Journal, Bonner's Ledger, New York Weekly, Scientific American, Moore's Rural New Yorker, Agriculturist, Independent, Methodist Book Concern, American Tract Society's publications, Bible House publications, and all first-class periodicals and books.

Now, what is called "sizing" consists of a weak solution of rosin, potato-starch and glue, mixed with the pulp in the vats, during the process of manufacture. During the war, when the cost of rosin was \$45 per barrel, the cost of sizing added one cent per pound to the cost of paper; but now that rosin only costs from \$1.50 to \$2 per barrel, the additional expense is a mere trifle, more than covered by the enhanced cost of the paper.

The word *unsized* was inserted in the law through the influence of interested paper-makers, they well knowing that it would virtually nullify the provision of the act which ostensibly permitted the importation of printing-paper at 20 per cent. duty, as was the intention of Congress, and benefit them by a virtual protective duty of 35 per cent.

The present Committee of Ways and Means, after an examination of the matter, consented to strike from the law the word *unsized*, thus establishing the duty on all paper used exclusively for printing newspapers, books and periodicals at 20 per cent. *ad valorem*. This change made by the Committee was publicly

announced in the daily papers throughout the country. The paper-makers no sooner learned that the duty had thus been changed, than they hastened to Washington, and induced the Committee to reconsider their deliberate action, and perpetuate the existing monopoly. If the duty of 20 per cent. is sufficient protection for the manufacture of unsized printing-paper, it is also sufficient for sized paper, the cost of production not being appreciably increased (as has been previously stated) by the process of sizing.

We are amongst the largest consumers of the highest qualities of printing-paper in America, and we never imported a sheet until within a year. We do not want to import a sheet, even though thereby we might contribute to the revenue, if we can get the quality we require at home. We are determined that our Journal shall be "up" in every particular in quality to foreign journals, but the American manufacturer, instead of improving the quality of his paper by all the modern appliances, wishes to force us to use his inferior paper, and asks Congress to perpetuate his present monopoly.

ALL duties have been removed from every kind of stock used in the manufacture of printing-paper, and 10 per cent. would be amply sufficient duty to protect the paper manufacturer; but we do not ask that the duty should be lowered—we only ask that the present duty on paper of 20 per cent. shall be laid on all kinds of printing-paper. Every member of the House of Representatives who looks carefully into this matter will vote for the clause as it now stands in the new Tariff.

We hope that the Ayes and Nays will be taken on the clause in the new Tariff equalizing the duty on paper, to let the country see who are the men that wish to force us to print our papers in England and Canada, and import them—instead of making them here with American labor. Let us see who are in favor of English manufactures in preference to home industries.

*"Shall I wear my heart upon my sleeve,
For Dawes to peck at?"*

ONE of the simplest propositions in the world, and which should commend itself to the weakest intelligence, is this:

Plain printing-paper, sized as all decent paper should be and must be, is charged, under our tariff, 35 per cent. *ad valorem*. To be used here, it requires the aid of the type-setter, the electrotypist, the pressman, the artist, engraver, and the thousand and one men, women and boys who go to make up the sum of American labor, and whose united efforts are requisite to create a newspaper—especially an illustrated newspaper.

And here comes the anomaly and burden. That same sheet of white paper, printed abroad on British presses, illustrated by British artists, employing British engravers, type-setters, founders, electrotypists, folders, etc., etc.—that same sheet of paper, having gone through the process of giving employment to "foreign industry and skill," can be sent here, printed and illustrated abroad, at a rate of duty of 25 per cent.—a clear discrimination of 30 per cent. against the American producer, manufacturer, or whatever you may choose to call him.

And the man who exposes this anomaly, and seeks to put American production on a fair basis with foreign production, is called opprobrious names, from an accident of birth; and his effort to secure to America the whole value of its intelligence, and to its artists and mechanics the just return for their enterprise and skill, is called a "serpent," "dragon"—we are not quite sure if he was not characterized by the dyspeptic Mr. Dawes as "Behemoth."

OUR EMPIRE OF PEACE.

"LET us have peace!" was an utterance made by a man of few words—and whose very reticence gives more weight to the little he says.

Like that yet more famous speech of the Emperor Napoleon III., that his "Empire was peace," the echo went forth far and wide, but proved finally, in the one instance as in the other, only an echo, after all.

We have all recently witnessed how the "Empire of Peace" on the other side of the water dissolved in blood and tears, after sounding its drum-beat over Europe—its final catastrophe resulting from a war wantonly provoked. Our Empire of Peace on this side presents the strange spectacle of the rule of martial law and suspension of the *habeas corpus* in one of the so-called States of this Union, more than six years after the re-establishment of nominal peace between the sections.

If South Carolina to-day be in as good condition as Poland, over whose wrongs so many tears have been shed, then history has falsified the facts. Among the many crimes committed in the name of liberty, there have been none more reily inscribed on the catalogue than those which record the "reconstruction" of that unhappy little State—not only in process of being devoured by her own dogs, like Acteon, but crushed down by the heavy foot of the military usurper who sits in the Presidential chair. Long has her cup been filled to the brim, with the bitter waters of her carpet-bag reconstruction dish, and theft holding high carnival in her council chambers, and decency and honesty excluded from them.

The wharves of her famous old city of Charleston, once so busy and so prosperous, have long grown silent and almost deserted, under the pressure of the foreign rule imposed upon her. Wealth, and commerce, its creator, have both been banished from her boundaries, to build up other and more favored localities, less hated by the invader and his Washington satraps.

All this she has borne with the stoical fortitude, if with the anguish of a Niobe, suffering in silence.

But the peace she has so long been waiting for, during these lingering years of expectant agony and endurance, has never come, and to-day, on a pretext as false as it is cruel, war has been declared against her helpless people by the proclamation of martial law in a moment of profound peace, and a reign of terror inaugurated in her quiet villages, by order of the man who cried aloud four years ago, "Let us have peace!"

We have the painful knowledge that our master cries, "Peace! peace!" when there is no peace! We also know as well what he means by that much abused word, although he has never read "Tacitus." He, too, "can make a solitude and call it peace!" for he can reduce States into the condition of subject provinces, and reduce into silence and submission a population powerless for resistance, if not for resentment.

The telegrams tell the story of this last conciliatory act of our Empire of Peace, recording the flight of the people from their homes through dread of the martial law imposed upon them, "under suspicion of being suspect," as in the time of the first French Revolution. That the pretext for these outrages is utterly groundless has been proven by the solemn protest of the Grand Jury of the districts in which the shadowy phantom of Ku-Klux was invoked, as well as the testimony of disinterested persons. The sole object and purpose seems the gratification of an old grudge against the unhappy State, which has been already so terribly punished for inaugurating the war, and over whose ashes this burning plowshare is passing to-day, by Federal command.

Venice in her darkest day, when under the Austrian heel, never writhed and suffered more hopelessly than the once proud State of South Carolina now. But not to speak of its justice, is it politic in the yet free States of this Union to permit the continuance of the exercise of these laws of war in the midst of peace! Is it not a scandal and a reproach, to those who sanction as well as to those who perpetrate it?

"To war on the strong, but spare the weak," used to be the generous rule of state-craft. Is our young republic to reverse it, and show herself as cruel toward her weakest child as she has been forbearing toward foreign states whose conduct was inimical to her?

Our President is playing a farce in Utah, and making himself pitiful before England, but he is inaugurating a tragedy in South Carolina.

SCIENCE AND SENSE IN THE SENATE.

THE least pleasing, the most lugubrious document that offends the eye of the average well-to-do housekeeper (ice bills, butchers' bills, gas bills, milliners' bills, tailors'

bills, and bills generally excepted), is a Congressional document. What Kelley or Dawes has to say, or Butler blatherskite, or Cox orate, or Voorhees vituperate—they all think the world stands by with bated breath—is so utterly inconsequent, that "the able speech" goes into a waste-basket, unless rescued by Bridget, who uses it to inclose surreptitious sugar to her sister, or to twist her hair withal over-night. It would be a fearful "letting down" if Congressmen could see themselves as others see them!

But, never mind! We will pass Brooks's mellifluous and Banks's sonorous periods. We will pass Cox's affluent phrases (he is Webster's Unabridged), and Voorhees's vulgar vituperations, Dawes's denunciations, and Beck's vehemence, and get up to the single speech that came from Congress this session, that rises above mere politics—and such politics!—into something like the calm and serenity of science.

We refer to the brief, terse, and at the same time exhaustive remarks of Senator Sawyer, of South Carolina, on the bill for making certain appropriations for the observation of the approaching transit of Venus across the Sun. Ninety-nine out of a hundred will turn up their noses at this, and proclaim that it is better to buy cundurango, or some other nostrum, than to spend money in this way, all the while in utter ignorance of the value, nay, the necessity, of the observation thus proposed, not for science alone, but for navigation and the determination of the boundaries of their one-corner lots and quarter-sections. Once more, and only once more in the next hundred years, will the opportunity of observing the transit of Venus present itself. It is due to the United States, to the credit of its science, its intelligence and its honor, that it should do its share toward reaping the results of this astronomical phenomenon. The whole cost will be less than \$150,000; less than Murphy gained in shoddy contracts in a six-month, or than Leet and Stocking gather from the Treasury in a year!

It is a pleasure to find among Southern "carpet-baggers" men of wide intelligence and comprehensive ideas like Mr. Sawyer. He ought to declare for the Cincinnati Platform and the Cincinnati Nominees. His knowledge of parallax is evidently greater than that of bull-pups. He is not naturally or from sympathy in the camp of General Grant.

PUTTING OFF THE HARNESS.

AS was fitting under all the circumstances of the case, Mr. Greeley, the Liberal Reform candidate for the Presidency, has retired from the control of the *Tribune*, that great organ of the people that he founded, and which he has so successfully directed for nearly a third of a century. On it he has expended the energies of a life—the powers of a fully matured mind. He has given to it the wealth and worth of a full and generous heart. It, as now seems probable, he shall be called from the *Tribune* to the Capitol, from the silence of his sanctum to the salons of state, we may lose for ever the foremost journalist of America in its most popular President. It is with a feeling of mingled joy and sorrow that we hold out our hand in farewell to the hardest-working and best loved of the profession of which we are humble members. There is something very lofty and very touching in the leading editorial of the number of the *Tribune* in which the writer announces his withdrawal from the editorship, and in which we do not fail to discover the wide sympathies and earnest purposes of Horace Greeley. After announcing that the *Tribune* will "nevermore be a party organ," he goes on to say that

"It is ardently enlisted in the contest now waging for Civil Service Reform, and for a One Presidential Term as essential to that Reform. It accepts the Cincinnati Platform as a terse and a forcible exposition of the political right and wrong, the needs and hopes of to-day, and looks hopefully to Universal Amnesty as essential to the restoration of a genuine fraternity between North and South, and of mutual confidence and good will between White and Black. It believes the People are preparing to break the rusty shackles of mere bygone partisanship, and it hopes for a result next November which will cheer and strengthen the champions of Peace and Good Will. It will issue no campaign edition, but proffers to all who believe its further diffusion may serve the Good Cause its regular editions at the lowest possible prices.

"The virtual surrender by the Democratic Party of its hostility to Equal Rights regardless of Color has divested our current politics of half their bygone intensity. However parties may henceforth rise or fall, it is clear that the fundamental principles which have hitherto honorably distinguished the Republicans are henceforth to be regarded as practically accepted by the whole country. The right of every man to his own limbs and sinews—the equality of all citizens before the law—the inability of a State to enslave any portion of its people—the duty of the Union to guarantee to every citizen the full enjoyment of his liberty until he forfeits it by crime—such are the broad and firm foundations of our National edifice; and palsied be the hand which shall seek to displace them! Though not yet twenty years old, the Republican Party has completed the noble fabric of Emancipation, and may fairly invoke thereon the sternest judgment of man and the benignant smile of God.

"Henceforth, the mission of our Republic is one of Peaceful Progress. To protect the weak and the humble from violence and oppression—to extend the boundaries and diffuse the blessings of Civilization—to stimulate industry to the production of new inventions for economizing labor and thus enlarging

Production—to draw nearer to each other the producers of Food and of Fabrics, of Grains and of Metals, and thus enhance the gains of industry by reducing the cost of transportation and exchanges between farmers and artisans—such is the inspiring task to which this Nation now addresses itself, and by which it would fain contribute to the progress, enlightenment, and happiness of our race."

A SPECIFIC duty of 6 cents per pound on foreign periodicals is equivalent to 15 cents per pound *ad valorem*; therefore, the duty on foreign printed paper is reduced 40 per cent., and yet no proposition is made to reduce the duty on white or unprinted paper.

HOME PRODUCTION OF IRON.

THE *Tribune* gives a table of the total production of iron in 1871, from which it deduces the following conclusion:

"Great Britain smelts almost half the iron made in the world; the United States not quite one-sixth. We ought to be now smelting 3,000,000 instead of 2,000,000 tons per annum; if we were, iron would cost our consumers far less than it now does."

This is "true as preaching." There is an "Iron Mountain" in Missouri, and almost inexhaustible beds of iron ore in Virginia, only needing enterprise, capital and labor to drive the English competitors entirely out of the market. When Virginia becomes again fairly represented in the nation, attention will probably be called to the resources of that State, which, under the far-reaching policy of the present Administration, which can see nothing nearer than Santo Domingo, have been neglected and despised.

With any quantity of the rich mineral regions of our own country lying undeveloped, we are stupidly paying tribute to Great Britain for the articles of prime necessity we have at home. "How long, O Lord! how long!"

THE PEOPLE ARE COMING.

YES, boys and girls, men and women, lawyers, preachers, judges and jurors, old and young, of all trades and professions and political antecedents—all are moving on joyfully and gathering enthusiasm as they come, swelling the ranks of the Reform Party under Horace Greeley. Every mail brings us clouds of witnesses to the fact that the name of Greeley is a tower of strength, which defies party, and malice, and ridicule. North, South, East and West the masses are shaking the old dry bones into a realizing sense that the days of the plunderers and sectionalists are numbered. It looks now as if we were to have just such a political storm as we had in 1840. The ball gathers so fast, as it rolls, as to terrify the office-holders. Their squirming is pitifully ludicrous. They have quit "laughing" already! Even "Grant's Own" is getting quite solemn and diplomatic!

Let the World, and all who doubt the meaning and purpose of the late Democratic Convention at Rochester, take to heart the following remarks of the Brooklyn *Eagle*. Its editor, Mr. Kinsella, was unanimously elected both temporary and permanent chairman of that Convention—a very significant fact, considering that it was well known that he was one of the strongest supporters of Greeley and Brown in the State—and had urged the adoption of that ticket by the Democracy in a series of powerful editorials commencing with the very day of the nominations at Cincinnati. His position as chairman of the Convention certainly entitles him to speak with some authority as to the probable action of the delegation of which he is one of the most prominent members, and his words of prophecy will be hailed with pleasure throughout the country. He says:

"It is about certain that the New York delegation to Baltimore will vote as a unit for Greeley and Brown. It is desirable for the fact that New York sends her delegates forth so surely Liberal as to need no formal instructions to be appreciated by other States. New York will vote with spontaneous, not enforced, unity for her candidates at Baltimore. Let this fact guide and affect the selection of like delegates from other States to that Convention. While we do not dissemble a remote apprehension that Bourbonism may imperil what common-sense suggested at Rochester yesterday, that apprehension is much less than it was before this Convention assembled. It is matter for gratulation that the Bourbonism will not come from New York, and that, come whence it may, New York will be minded to do her best to scotch it."

The following extract is from a letter from the founder, and for a long time editor, of the first daily paper in New York, west of Albany, and to whom telegraphy, after Henry and Morse, owes more than to any man in America. He says: "I heartily congratulate you on your success in crowning the land with the likelihood, yea, the certainty, of accomplishing the object for which FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER struggled so earnestly as a pioneer, when the odds against your course seemed too many to render your attempt almost Quixotic."

MISS NEILLON closed her engagement at the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, May 4th, to prepare for her departure to America.

LETTERS FROM JUNIUS.

No. VIII.

"WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT" GRANT AND GREELEY.

A CARTOON in a late number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, illustrating General Grant's tactfulness in speech-making, is very suggestive; for, 'tis no paradox to style our President a taciturn orator. His public speeches, truly, have neither "wit, nor words, nor worth." They are mere "How-do you do's"—"Glad to see you"—"Fine people!"—"You helped us out mightily in the rebellion!"—"I am no speech-maker!"—"Good-by!"—"Hope to see you again."

This remarkable oratorical exhibition (which General Grant uniformly makes) is an index to his whole life; that is, so far as we know anything about his life; and it points the thinker to the key of the man's character. He is simply the creature of circumstance and accident, in all things which are not military. Only the other day in a state of refractory from the army, for whose service he was educated, an unknown resident of the town of Galena, now—however honest he may be—the looms up as the Central figure of the most dangerous and arbitrary Ring of adventurers and bold corruptionists known to our history—as vile a set of knaves as ever disgraced any nation. The Tweeds and the Murphys are all of one and the same breed. There is a link that binds them together. His satellites found their support in the stolid will and recklessness of Tweed. General Grant's Ring has its foundation in what they know to be the pluck, despotism, and obstinacy of the President, whom they deceive by flattery; a President whose ears are open only to his parasites, and whose utter ignorance of public men and public affairs renders him the easy victim of bold and adroit managers, like Conkling, and Morton, and Murphy, and Leet, and the rest.

Now, this is a very grave subject, and it demands grave thought. How happens it that all at once our Grant has become so great? He was never known in our affairs until the war. What had he done, or written, or spoken, before the war, of which any mortal man or woman preserved a record? His whole life, in that period, is a blank. He has been distinguished for no service—except, in common with the rest of those engaged with him, in fighting the rebellion. We have not heard of him in professional business as a civil engineer, like McClellan and others; he came nowhere to the front of life as a young educated West Point officer of mark generally does. He went to Mexico, under Scott, and fought there as a lieutenant. Then he collapsed, and retired to obscurity and poverty. He does not seem to have had common thrift in common business matters. All hands agree that when taken up by Governor Yates and Mr. Washburne, during the war, he was found in a state of poverty and obscurity.

Poverty is no disgrace, unless it be the result of laziness and dissipation. But poverty and obscurity are not the usual antecedents of men fit to be Presidents of the United States. If poor, such men have, however, a record. They have been thinkers, or legislators, or judges of note, or orators of mark, whose early lives gave such promise as attracted good and wise men to their careers, as in the story of Henry Clay, for example, whose boyhood is a romance of intellect. But in the case of General Grant, his early life is absolutely without any record. He evidently sunk into inaction, and below the level of active men, from his outset from West Point—if we except the Mexican war—until he was luckily mounted on the great rebellion chariot. Hence we see him, as President, a stolid soldier, ignorant of public men, ignorant of public affairs, with a Staff to whom he issues his orders. He can neither speak nor write as an orator or statesman, for lack of ability simply. That is all. He surrounds himself with the army, because he knows few else and sympathizes with no others. Neither his habits nor education have brought him in contact with our national men of letters, culture and brains. His are the habits and tastes which the camp breeds. Horses, fun, dogs, tobacco. A general dictatorial supervision and imperative discipline is his primal idea of administration. If he dislikes a Senator, he thinks the Senator a rebel, and he demands that he shall be "put down." When Mr. Morton is telegraphed as being an aspirant for the nomination over Grant at Philadelphia, see how quickly Mr. Morton is brought to Grant's feet, on a charge of conspiracy, where he lies trembling! Now, Mr. Morton may or may not have been engaged in an effort to procure some other nomination than that of Grant at Philadelphia—but the point here of Morton's case is in the fact that the body guard of the President talk of Morton instantly as a "Conspirator," when it is hinted that he has an independent soul; and the accusation brings the Senator suddenly on his knees in piteous disclaimer.

This is the effect of despotism; and this despotism is the result of the selection for high civic trust of an unknown and uneducated man like Grant, who has no record outside of the horrid trade of war. The only approach to him is by flattery, and through his Staff. And the price of office or honor under him must be the payment of flat obedience. Naturally, logically it follows that cultivated and honorable and pure statesmen are repelled by the brazen, unscrupulous men who seize General Grant's ear. Therefore we behold the existing condition of things: The rotten, loathsome, and corrupt Rings; the arrogant, haughty, defiant, domineering spirit witnessed in Administration, and the contempt shown for the public taste in the choice of dissipated men in the personal Administration, especially in the Summer months. He who runs may read that this drift is quite enough to arouse the nation, as it has done, into one mighty cry of "Halt! Make way for Statesmen and Purify! Room for the Union, the Constitution and the Laws!"

General Grant is a heartless man. His want of sensibility is attributed by many to the early habit of intoxication, which poor Rawlins (General Grant's Chief of Staff) and Mr. Washburne so deplored, and which (as we hope and believe) General Grant has conquered. Doubtless it is true that that dreadful infirmity accounts for his early obscurity and want of thrift, to which I have above alluded. If all the world did not know the fact of General Grant's former habit of drink, it would not now be introduced by me, proper though it is to allude to such fact in the slight sketch of the man which is here written. We have no more right to shield General Grant from a glaring fault of this kind than we had to shield Andrew Johnson. It was a sad thing to see Mr. Rawlins—Grant's bosom friend and his first Secretary of War—a friend who had been nigh to Grant in every campaign, his Chief of Staff, one who loved him and was ever dashing the cup from his lips, until, finally, as the testimony of army officers goes, he reformed him—it was sad to see General Rawlins dying of consumption in Washington, and expressing so pathetically his wish to say

a few parting words to General Grant, but all in vain. The President was not at the bedside of his dying friend. He was off on a pleasure trip somewhere about Saratoga, and only got back to behold a corpse. Rawlins was dying when the President left Washington; he might have remained to the close of the scene. General Grant was in New York when the funeral procession of Anderson, the hero of Fort Sumter, saddened our streets. But the President did not honor the occasion by his presence. He was sailing down the Bay at that moment in great state, to ship his little daughter off to Europe. Surely she might have embarked from the city with safety, and so afforded time for her father to pay the last tribute to the memory of Anderson! Nor does the President seem to have entered with any soul into the general feeling of the civilized world on the occasion of the death of the illustrious Professor Morse. Still, it is notorious that General Grant, so cramped for time that he finds it inconvenient to pay the offices of humanity to the sick and the dying and the dead, always managed leisure enough for New York frolics, behind fast horses, or to lunch with the Custom House clique. He could drive on the road, sail down the Bay, champagne it with Murphy or Leet, breakfast in bachelor fashion with the late Col. Fisk, and enjoy his sensual nature with the gayest of our city fast men, at all hours and under all circumstances. It is with regret—not with pleasure—that I find myself in duty bound to make this criticism, whose truth and fairness cannot be denied. These outcroppings of nature are the despotic traits of war. They are not such fruits of character as are needed in him whose magnetic and affectionate nature we hope to see influencing the nation into the old paths of harmony and love. How different was the character of Abraham Lincoln!

It requires but few words to contrast Horace Greeley favorably with General Grant. Mr. Greeley's life has a record from his boyhood. It is one of temperance and industry, and of great ability. He has written and spoken great and good words, because he could write and speak from a full mind and a statesmanlike soul. He has been known, honored, respected and feared by every President and statesman, of whatever party, since the memorable days of 1840. His heart is sympathetic always, and when he most errs, it is when his heart betrays him. He prefers wood-chopping to watering-place frolics. He likes a good breed of sheep, cattle and poultry, quite as dearly as Grant loves race-horses and flashy carriages. He prefers raising vegetables to receiving presents of cigars, and dogs, and horses, and houses. He spends his leisure carrying about huge carpet bags of documents, the staple of his lectures on great subjects. His recreations are useful work—useful to himself and to all mankind. "What" he "knows" he imparts to others. What General Grant "knows" is how to keep silence, unless on horses and the like; so he imparts nothing. Mr. Greeley's eminence is due to his personal worth and labors. General Grant's eminence is based on the luck of war, on the energy of the American people in the payment of taxes, and on the ability and wealth and respectability of the great Republican Party.

We have undertaken, at Cincinnati, to demonstrate the fact that General Grant is neither the Republican Party nor the Republic. We desire to see Mr. Greeley at its head—the liberal, intelligent, cultivated, famous Mr. Greeley. He is a man who, as we all "know," "knows something." He has both "wit and words and worth." He is not only a "known" man, but likewise he is a "knowing" man—one whom the Rings fear, and whom Monopolists cannot corrupt. We all know—in city and country—"what we know about Horace Greeley." And we think that the next President will be our "Later Franklin." JUNIUS.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Augustinian Monastery at Erfurt.

About six weeks ago a fire broke out in the Augustinian Monastery at Erfurt, which destroyed that interesting old building and all its contents, and thus perished one of the most valuable relics of the "Reformation," for in this building was Luther's cell and the library where he first conceived the idea of that great religious change in the 16th century. Architecturally speaking, the only portion of the building that possessed any considerable merit was the chapel, the pretty turret of which is shown in our view. Perhaps Germany does not possess a more interesting town for ecclesiastical remains than Erfurt, containing, as it does, a beautiful cathedral and thirty interesting churches. Although Erfurt may be looked upon as the cradle of the Reformation, it is by no means an exclusively Protestant town, for the cathedral and nine churches are still in the possession of the Catholics, while the Protestants make use of eleven churches, and those which remain are converted to secular purposes.

Funeral of the Late Lord Mayo in Ireland.

The remains of the late Governor-General of India, who was murdered some months ago by a convict at one of the Andaman Islands, have been brought to Ireland for interment. The *Enchantress*, whose arrival had been expected with some anxiety, steamed safely into Kingstown Harbor on the evening of the 24th ult., with the mortal remains of the late Viceroy on board, and on the following day the public funeral took place. I was one of the most imposing ceremonies which Dublin had for some time witnessed, and the circumstances under which it took place gave it additional dignity and importance. Our illustration represents the funeral cortege passing over Carlisle Bridge.

Reception of the President at the Palace of the Elysée.

This engraving illustrates the recent state dinner given to the "Corps Diplomatique" of the representative foreign Powers at the French capital. M. Thiers's dinners and receptions are charming, and are the talk of all Paris. Mme. Thiers's grace and polished manners, and the dignity with which she presides at the table, is the main cause of their success; and the company one meets there is also a great attraction. M. Thiers's dinners are not so magnificent as were those of the late Emperor, but they are more elegant and more simple.

Prince Arthur Turning the First Sod of the Hythe and Sandgate Railway.

An extension of the Southeastern Railway is to be made from Sandling Park, through Saltwood and Newington to Sandgate, just under the hill on which stands Shorncliffe Camp. The ceremony of turning the first sod of this line was performed on Thursday, April 11th, by H.R.H. Prince Arthur. A large company assembled to meet the Prince at the Shorncliffe station, and then the procession drove to Hythe. They proceeded with considerable slowness wherever

any large body of people had gathered together, or where there were triumphal arches or decorations, as at Sandgate, where the inhabitants had taken gr. at pains to ornament their neat, quaint timber houses. A spot named Cannon-green was chosen for the scene of the ceremony, and there, upon the green slope of one of that picturesque range of hills, some thousands of spectators were assembled. Sir Edward Watkin made a speech, the Rev. W. T. E. Knollys pronounced a blessing, and then Prince Arthur cut the first sod with a miserable toy-spade, which came to grief under the operation.

The Clare Market Costermongers.

The district of Clare Market, between Wych Street, Clement's Inn, and the south west corner of Lincoln's Inn-fields, London, is densely inhabited by a very poor population, for whose benefit several religious and charitable agencies—house visitations, penny banks, penny readings, and schools—are maintained in active working. The clergy of St. Clement Danes, in which parish this district is situated, have long thought it a desirable object to put a stop to the Sunday trading, by which many of the Clare Market costermongers are deprived of the sacred opportunity of rest and instruction. With this end in view, the Rev. R. J. Simpson, the Rector, a few weeks ago invited 150 men and women of that class to take tea with him in the Clare Market Mission Chapel. A beautiful series of dissolving views, by Mr. Newton, of Fleet Street, representing the scenes of Old and New Testament history, was exhibited on the wall. The Rector accompanied these views with a familiar lecture, explaining their subjects and the associations connected with them. Before this exhibition, however, and immediately after the comfortable repast, he addressed them upon the question of Sunday trading and Sunday working; he urged them to resolve that they would have one day in the week free from toil, and that day should be Sunday. All the hardworking men and women present agreed in saying that they would like to have Sunday trading discontinued; and it is hoped that some effectual measures for that purpose may be devised, without inflicting too great loss or inconvenience on the poor of the district.

A Scene in a Convent Garden at Rome.

Our sketch represents the garden of the convent of S. Gesù à Maria, where the Franciscan friars are playing at bowls down an alley lined with orange and olive trees, and fenced with the Roman cane. The Capuchin and Franciscan Orders, observes Mr. Story, in his "Roba di Roma," are supported by charity. Clad in their long brown serge, a cord around their waist, and a basket on their arm, the lay brothers may be seen shuffling along upon their sandaled feet, levying contributions from shops and houses. Money is rarely given, but they get bread, flour, rice, fruit, cheese, and sometimes a piece of meat until their basket is filled. Sometimes they enter into conversation, and are always pleased to chat about the weather. They are very poor, very good-natured, and very dirty. They walk by day, and sleep by night, in the same old snuffy robe, which is not kept from contact with the skin by any luxury of linen, till it is worn out. Yet beggars as they are by faith and profession, they are reputed at Rome the most inoffensive of all the conventual orders, and are looked upon by the common people with kindness as being thoroughly sincere in their religious professions, for they really mortify the flesh by penance, fasting, and wretched fare. Though the Franciscans live on charity, they have almost always a garden connected with their convent, where they raise quantities of vegetables. But they do not till their gardens themselves; they hire gardeners who work for them.

Reunion of French Refugees at Geneva.

At the Café du Levant in Geneva, in Switzerland, may be seen now at all times groups of those political enthusiasts, the French Communists, who, on the downfall of the Commune, took refuge in Switzerland, to escape from the prosecutions which awaited them in France. They are mostly from Paris and Lyons, and include some prominent leaders of the "cause," who are educated, intelligent, and eloquent. The café has become to them a sort of club, where they meet and read the papers, discuss the news, and, above all, the political situation in France. Much of their business is also dispatched there.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

SOTHERN was in Buffalo last week.

LINGARD was in Milwaukee last week.

NILSSON will sing in Russia next Winter.

JANUSCHKE took Cincinnati by storm May 20th.

AIMÉE will spend the Summer in San Francisco.

MRS. JOHN WOOD is burlesquing in Washington.

JOHN E. OWENS is touring the Southern States.

BERLIN will send us another female orchestra.

MOBILE (Ala.) is to have "Summer Night" concerts.

LINA EDWIN is managing the Queen's Theatre, Dublin.

The French "Zig-Zags" are at the Brooklyn Olympic.

OLE BULL and company were at Newark, N. J., May 14th.

MARIETTA RAVEL in the "Wild Cat" at Wood's Museum.

MADAME PATTI-CAUX sang 14 nights in Vienna for \$14,000.

MRS. JAMES OATES brings her troupe to Brooklyn May 20th.

E. EDDY acts in "Damon" at the Thirty-fourth Street Theatre.

"HUMPTY DUMPTY" is still in its "last nights" at the Olympic.

MISS NININGER's concert came off at Irving Hall, New York, May 14th.

The performance at the Union Square Theatre is "Not So Bad After All."

"ARTICLE 47" at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and "47 Articles" at the Comique.

SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS invaded San Francisco Hall, New York, May 13th.

THE Liederkrantz gave a concert at Steinway Hall, May 18th, conducted by Franz Abt.

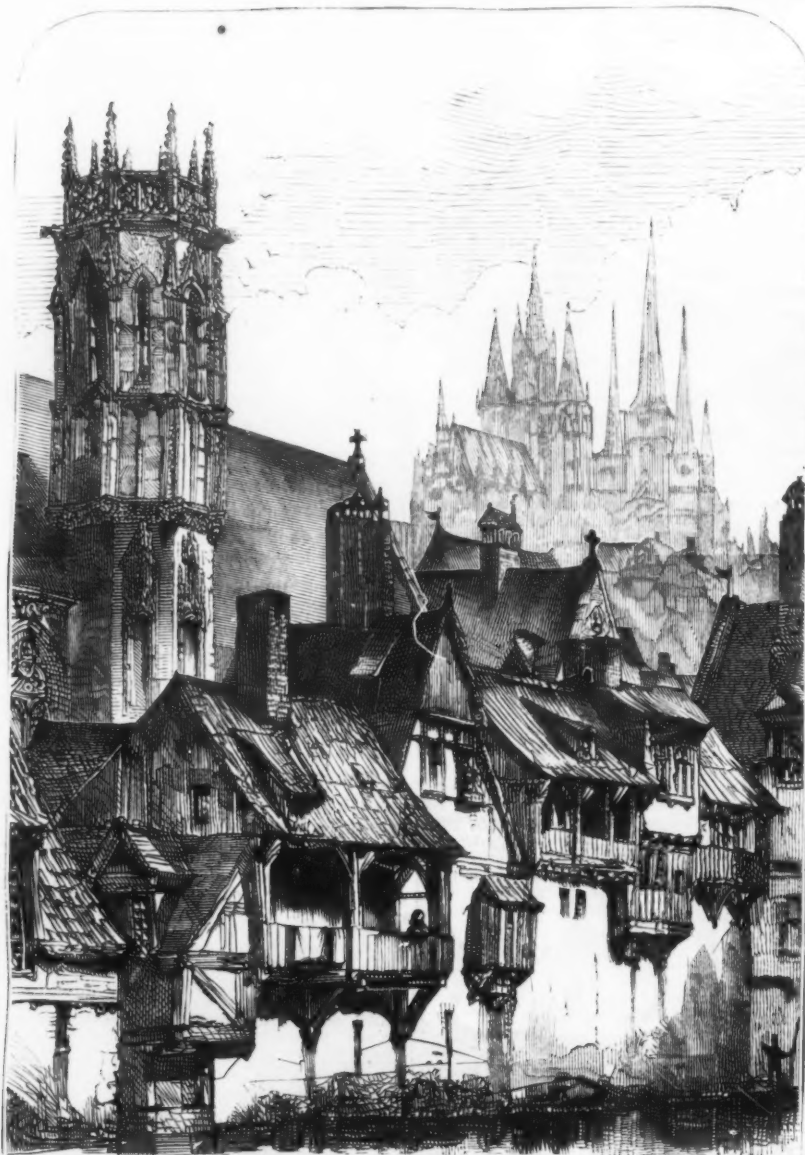
A good many people took "A Leap in the Dark" at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, May 17th.

On May 11th Miss Clara Louise Kellogg made her first appearance in opera in London, at the Drury Lane.

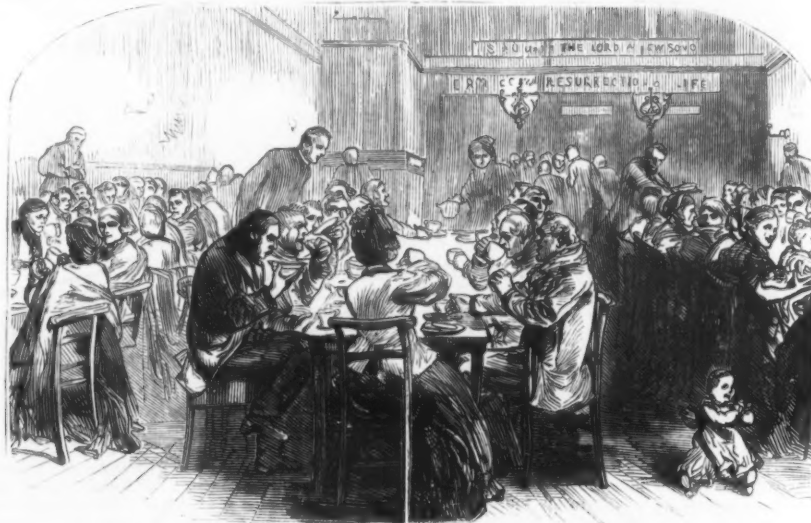
THE original score of Weber's famous "Invitation à la Valse" has recently been sold in Leipzig for \$75.

SIR MICHAEL COSTA receives \$10,000 for conducting the orchestra of Her Majesty's Opera for the current season.

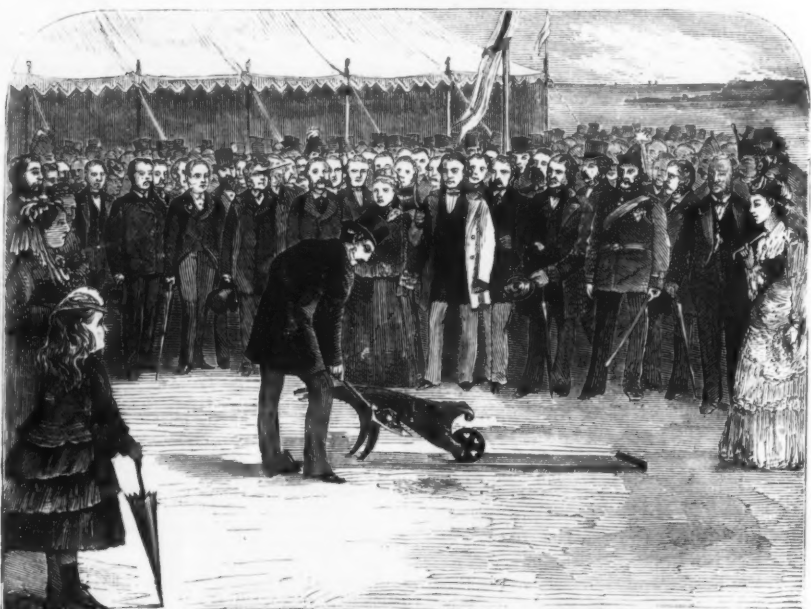
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



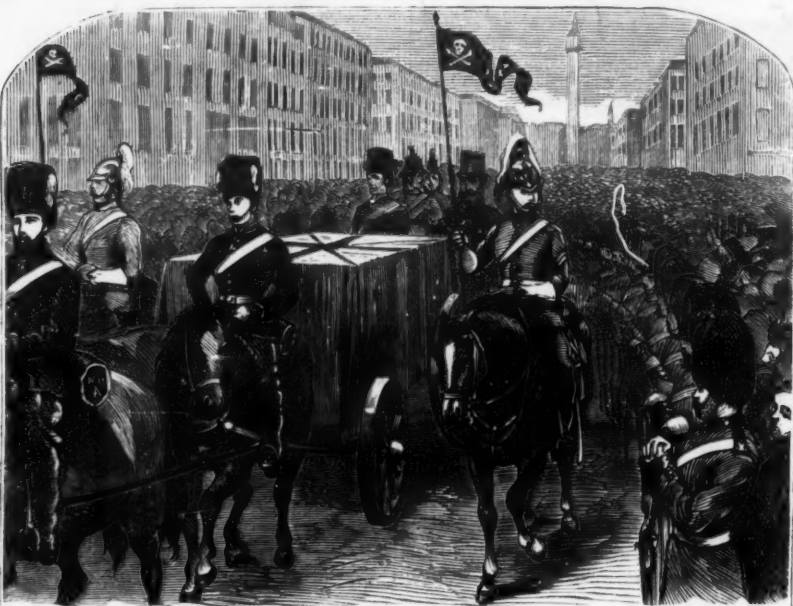
GERMANY.—THE AUGUSTINIAN MONASTERY AT ERFURTH, IN WHICH LUTHER RESIDED, LATELY DESTROYED BY FIRE.



ENGLAND.—ENTERTAINMENT TO THE CLARE MARKET COSTERMONGERS, LONDON.



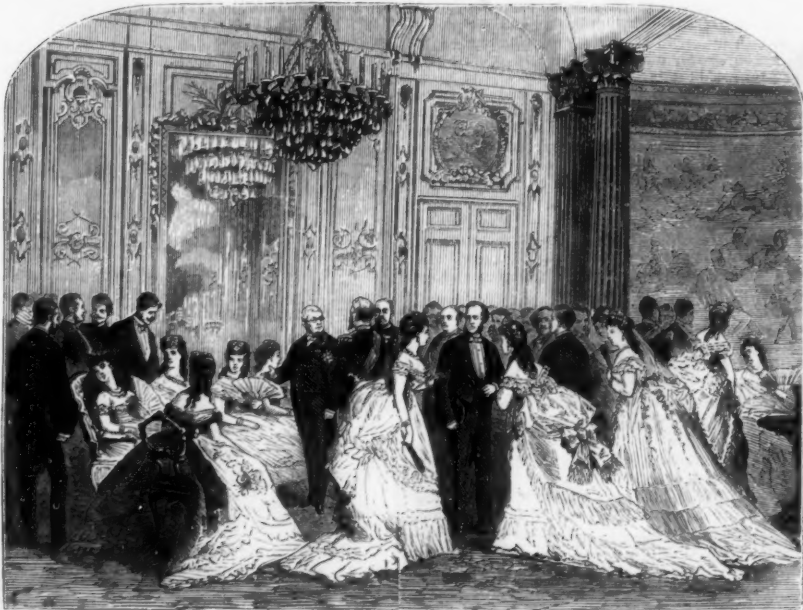
ENGLAND.—PRINCE ARTHUR TURNING THE FIRST SOD OF THE HYTHE AND SANDGATE RAILWAY.



IRELAND.—FUNERAL OF LORD MAYO—THE PROCESSION PASSING OVER CARLISLE BRIDGE.



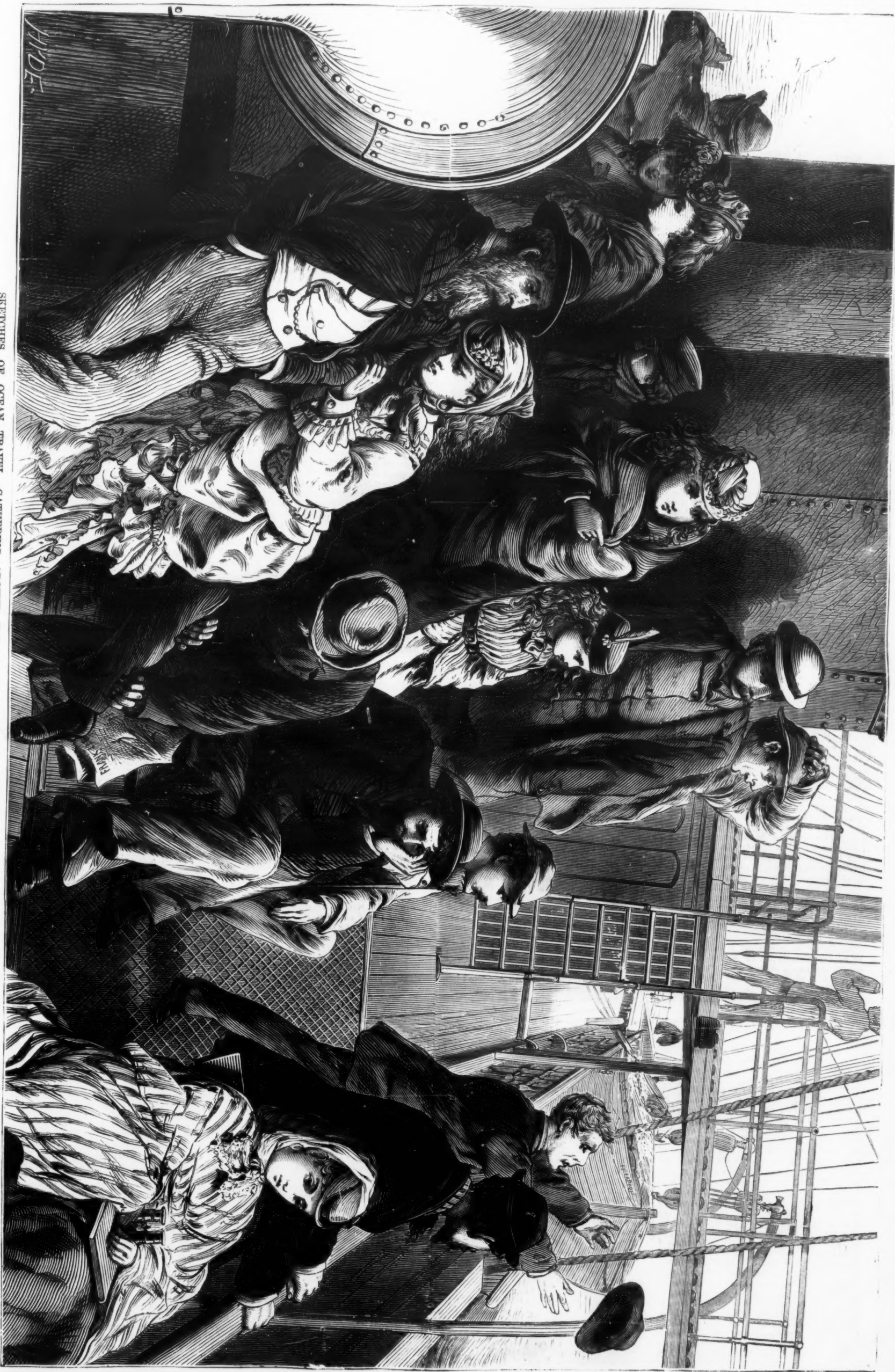
ITALY.—A SKETCH IN THE GARDEN OF GESÙ E MARIA IN ROME.



FRANCE.—RECEPTION BY PRESIDENT THIERS AT THE PALACE OF THE ELYSÉE.



SWITZERLAND.—INTERIOR OF THE CAFÉ DU LEVANT AT GENEVA, A RESORT OF THE COMMUNIST REFUGEES.



SKETCHES OF OCEAN TRAVEL.—GATHERING AROUND THE SMOKE-STACK FOR WARMTH.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. N. HYDE.—SEE PAGE 187.

JUNE OMENS.

The purple iris holds a tear of dew
All tremulous within her blue-veined eye;
The larkspur bangs her head; the damask rose
Looks smiling upward to the clear June sky.

And down the garden-path sweet Nell and I
Are slowly sauntering with idle pace.
Is it the sun that makes my hot cheek burn?
And why that blush on Nellie's dimpled face?

No need of words. Too well is understood
That universal language; 'tis as old
As is creation, when to mother Eve
The tale of love our father Adam told.

Queen June, the month of roses and of love,
Echoes on every side the tender tale.
In rustling leaf, in flower, in throat of bird,
And borne in perfume on the Summer gale.

Weep, iris, weep; pale larkspur, hang thine head;
Shame on ye twain, your omens we defy!
But thou, sweet rose, love's own immortal flower,
We'll wear within our bosoms—Nell and I.

THE SISTER'S SECRET.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XIX.

ON my arrival home I found that Major Rivers had not yet returned. I was not surprised at this, for his habits of late had grown uncertain, and more than once I had been obliged to sit down to my meals without him. I was glad, however, not to find him in; I feared his questioning. I dreaded the prevarication into which his questions must force me. Above all, I would have disliked at such a moment the scrutiny of his keen eyes, and I judged that my nervousness might manifest itself in an obvious embarrassment.

We usually dined at half-past six. That hour arrived, but not Major Rivers. I delayed the dinner an hour in the hope of his return, but he did not come. The thought struck me that he might have gone to London on business; in that case he might not arrive home until late. I sat down to a solitary repast. Much as I had been left to myself of late, I felt, I remember, on that occasion, very, very lonely. A deeper sense of sadness weighed upon me. My interview with the detective, now that it was past, indicated an aspect of the humiliation that was now upon me, which struck me as painfully degrading, as unendurably bitter. The food to which I mechanically helped myself was taken from me untasted. I was glad when the absence of the servants who attended me enabled me to abandon my forced composure.

I had often wondered of late whether Kate had ever tasted the bitter cup which it had been my destiny to drink. But the conjecture was not credible. I had to consider the character of the man with whom I was allied. He who pretended to despise sentiment, to detest formalism, to ridicule what he termed conventionalism, was in reality far more the slave of the influences he contemned than many who absolutely conformed to them. As the thorough republican is the worshiper of aristocracy—as the equalizer of human rights is the most bigoted in the conservation of his own, and the most tyrannical in his administration—so this man, who feigned the heartiest contempt for society, was the most easily swayed by its influence. I do not doubt for a moment that his sentiments toward me had been wholly modified by the conditions under which he found himself in regard to me. Had I been his wife I might never have found occasion to shed a tear; but being his wife only by that law which he professed to recognize as the true and only one, he found himself in opposition to society; and this made him act like a slave utterly at the mercy of the master he professed to despise.

My mock repast concluded, I hastened upstairs to the nursery. There at least I felt at home. Somehow or other Chester House had never satisfied my conceptions of home. Perhaps never having known the joy of home, I had raised an ideal too extravagant to be realized; yet it is certain that to my mind the solid and sumptuous fittings of Major Rivers's home had never become familiarized. I felt a stranger amongst strange things—things that were not mine—things to which I had no claim. I felt as a lodger might feel. But in the nursery my child created an atmosphere of home which was not to be tasted elsewhere. My lonely heart, as I rocked my babe by the fire, would be lifted into a mood of peace and love, which came upon me like a renewal of life, but which would also leave me with the bitter reflection that my destiny was a cruel one—to place me in a position where the pleasures I could relish so well were prohibited.

I remained in the nursery until a late hour, expecting every moment to hear of the return of Major Rivers. My summonses to the servants grew frequent; but to my question, "Has Major Rivers returned?" the invariable reply was, "Not yet, ma'am." My anxiety at last drove me down-stairs. I wished to be where I could hear the garden-gate open, or detect the approach of footsteps or wheels. I took my seat on a couch near the window and waited. I heard a bell in the distance toll the hour of eleven. How rapidly the night was advancing! I had never known him to be so late before. It was possible that, instead of having gone to London on business, he might have made a trip there on pleasure. Perhaps, I thought, Sir Geoffrey Hamlyn has accompanied him. It was too late to find this out, or I should have sent a servant to Heathfield to ascertain whether the baronet was at home or not.

I sometimes resolved to go to bed. Should he return and find me up he might be annoyed. But there was a presentiment of trouble, a sombre shadow on my heart, that held me to my place. I felt that bed would be a mockery in my state of mind; that it would be better for me to remain where I was than to be restlessly tossing on my bed with an eager inclination to be up.

The servants, having received my orders, had retired to rest; I was now alone. Dully shone the lamp on the table—more dull, more sad grew my spirits. My mind, becoming more and more agitated, would not suffer me to rest. I rose and paced the room; frequently I paused; I seemed to hear the sound of voices, the echo of footsteps on the air; but when I listened I heard nothing but the faint murmur of the breeze and the metallic clanking of the great clock in the hall.

Presently I left the room, opened the hall-door, and passed out. I forgot my delicate health, forgot the necessity of care. The wish to hear his tread, though never so far off, the desire to be where I might soonest anticipate his approach, made me resolved to watch for him for a few moments in the road. A half moon, glowing with a steady and pure effulgence, made silver cobwebs through the tall trees—silent, dim, gaunt, like meditating giants—and illumined the grounds with broad lakes of white light. The garden-gate, as I opened it, creaked. The noise grated on my strained nerves with the pain of physical suffering. I looked down the road. It lay in a broad line, the white dust in the moonlight making a semblance of snow. No speck tarnished it. No distant sound broke the stillness. The air was full of the murmur of profound repose.

I shivered. The night air seemed to pierce my marrow. Still I lingered and watched. The stars throbbed in the heavens like pulses. A sweet cold smell rose from the adjoining fields. What would I have given to have heard the sound of his footsteps! Clasp my arms tightly over my bosom, I withdrew into the house. The fatigue, the excitement of the day, began to tell upon me. My eyelids grew heavy; the cold had made me feel drowsy. The long disappointment of my constant expectation of his return filled my heart with sickness and irritability. I resolved to await him no longer. "Why should I exhibit so much concern, when the treatment I receive is so cruel and heartless?" I said. Still I waited, hung about with a lighted candle in my hand, and hearing nothing, crept with an almost lifeless heart to bed.

I passed a restless night, waking up from my sleep, and finding myself in an attitude of listening. I dozed rather than slumbered. But toward the morning my repose grew deep. Worn out in spirits and body, I slept a sleep as profound as death. I was awakened by the bright sun shining in the room, and ringing the bell for my maid, asked if Major Rivers had returned. She replied in the negative. Was there no letter? No.

I felt too ill to dress or be dressed. Still I rose from my bed, performed my toilet, and descended. How was I to account for the major's absence? Had he met with an accident? I could not make up my mind to believe this, for I guessed that ere now I should have been communicated with.

I left my breakfast untasted, and withdrew to the nursery. I was so low, so nervous, I could hardly mount the stairs. My nurse's sympathy with my child made me anxious for her sympathy for myself. I felt—as who does not feel in moments of deep distress?—the imperative need of communion. Yet I hardly knew how to commence my story; and as I could not make her acquainted with the cause of my fears, I could see she was plainly unable to comprehend the trouble into which I appeared to be plunged by the major's absence. Something else, too, held me dumb. It was the dread of having to reveal that I was not the major's lawful wife. I feared the effects of such a disclosure on an ignorant woman's mind, and knew how keen would be my sufferings if, on finding the lady whom she held to be the mistress of the house to be merely the illegal companion of her master, she should betray her feelings by the least alteration in her manner toward me or my illegitimate child!

At one o'clock the servant who came to announce that lunch was prepared, informed me that a gentleman wished to see me down-stairs. My first impression was that some accident had happened to the major, and that the object of this person's visit was to break the news to me. I hastened down-stairs.

A little man, evidently a Jew, awaited me in the drawing-room. So cunning, so vulgar, so unscrupulous a face I have never in my life met again. He made a short impudent bow to me, and rubbing his hands with singular quickness, said:

"Miss Margaret Holmes, I presume?"
A spasm contracted my features as I heard him. I leant against the table as I answered:
"That is my maiden name. My present name is Mrs. Rivers."

"Yes, yes, I know all about that," he answered. "Won't you be seated? My business is of an unpleasant nature, I'm afraid. But you see we lawyers are obliged to undertake all sorts of disagreeable jobs to make a living. I must introduce myself to you as Mr. Abraham Mosely—Major Rivers's solicitor. Won't you be seated?"

I sunk into a chair, watching him. Constantly rubbing his hands, he continued:
"I believe, Miss Holmes, that you are the sister of Major Rivers's wife, whose name was Miss Kate Holmes?"

I faintly responded, "Yes."
"I suppose, Miss Holmes," he went on, "that you are acquainted with the law of this country, which pronounces the marriage of a man with his wife's sister void and illegal?"
"I know this."

"I do not wish to extenuate Major Rivers's conduct one atom. No doubt he seduced you

into your connection with him under a faithful promise of being true to you. But this you will clearly see, Miss Holmes, is hardly my business. I must not, therefore, occupy your time by discussing it. What I wish you to understand is, that the ceremony of the registrar's office, which Major Rivers took you through, leaves you perfectly free. My object in calling upon you is to inform you that Major Rivers has instructed me to restore to you the freedom which you once possessed."

There are moments of supreme agony in our lives which a beneficent God enables us to endure with composure. We are unprepared for such exhibitions of coolness in ourselves; for the standard of our powers of endurance has been computed by us by the breaking down of our fortitude under light trials. I found myself no exception to a wise and helpful law. Had I been a spectator instead of the actor in this scene, I should have found myself much more moved.

"It is then Major Rivers's intention to desert me?" I said.

"If you wish to consider his conduct in that light," he answered, "we might as well apply the term desertion to it. But, in justice to Major Rivers, I find myself forced to repeat his own language—that his conduct is, in a great measure, owing to your own coolness toward him. He informed me that he has abundant reasons to believe that you had long since ceased to find any happiness in his society; and a man might fairly be called brutal who should wish to continue an alliance which is a manifest cause of unhappiness when he has the privilege of dissolving it."

"You have said enough," I exclaimed. "I want neither your nor Major Rivers's excuses. Let this visit be concluded quickly."

"With greatest happiness, Miss Holmes"—he harped upon my maiden name, I could perceive, with a species of malignant enjoyment. "My share in this matter is quite as painful as your share. What remains, therefore, for me to inform you is that, acting under Major Rivers's directions, I have to offer you"—rummaging for his pocket-book, which he produced and opened—"a check for one hundred pounds, which he believes will supply you with sufficient funds to enable you to return to your friends."

He held the check out to me. Finding I did not take it, he placed it near me on the table. Then he went on:

"You will have the privilege of occupying this house for two days longer. After that the furniture will be parceled into lots preparatory to a sale. My duty is now to call up the servants, to pay them their wages, and to discharge them."

I rose and walked toward the door. An irresistible impulse forced me to ask one question:
"Where is Major Rivers now?"

"He has gone to travel on the Continent."

I left the room, and returned to the nursery. My feelings during many hours which followed I cannot determine. I seemed to be living in a nightmare. I heard the servants passing up and down the stairs. I heard much whispering—the movement of boxes. My nurse was called. She left the room, was absent ten minutes, and then returned. She held a piece of paper in her hand, which she gave me. I took it, and saw that it was Major Rivers's check for one hundred pounds. I flung it on the ground, and my moaning burst out afresh.

My nurse seemed to sympathize keenly with me. With the discretion of a woman, she allowed my passion to exhaust itself; then she endeavored to console me.

"I have received notice to quit at once, mum," she said; "and my wages has been paid me. But I will remain with you, mum, until I see you comfortable. Don't take on so. Things are shocking bad now, to be sure, but they'll never last."

I struggled to calm myself. I felt I must nerve myself to meet all that was to be met. I had not to live for myself, but for my child.

"I will be brave, nurse," I said. "I have been fearfully wronged. My husband has left me. But I will be brave. Would to God!" I exclaimed, with an uncontrollable burst of grief, as my eye detected a smile playing over my baby's sightless face, "that we could both die here now as we sit!"

She took the child from me and caressed it. My eye lighted on the check which I had flung on the ground. Why should I reject it?—it might serve my child. I was poor now—very, very poor. When I left the house, where was I to seek an asylum? This money would at least procure a shelter for baby until I could communicate with my aunt—the only creature in the world that I had to turn to—and beg her, which I made up my mind to do, to receive us back. I therefore took the check and thrust it into my pocket.

Before long the house grew silent. Of all the servants my maid only had come to bid me farewell. I sent the nurse down-stairs to reconnoitre, and she returned saying that there was a strange man in the kitchen smoking a long pipe; he looked, she thought, like a watchman.
"Nurse," I exclaimed, suddenly starting up, "I will leave this house at once. It is full of poison; the air in it is pestilential. Begin to pack up your own and baby's things without delay. We must be in London to-night."

I left the room and repaired to my bedchamber. A terrible eagerness to get out of the house possessed me. With my own hands I bore a large trunk from the trunk-room, and packed it. I hardly knew what I did. I crammed it with such articles of my wearing apparel as I could lay my hands on, and when it was full, I took no thought of what I had left behind.

I returned to the nursery. I found the nurse hard at work, and I helped her. She, too, seemed possessed with singular eagerness to get away. The strong sense of inhumanity which pervaded the place had frightened her.

I dispatched her for a vehicle to convey us to London, and in her absence I commenced to dress baby. Whilst thus occupied, I found

time for reflection. But my exhausted passions refused now to lend to despair the poignancy which it had first taken. That Major Rivers had gone to "travel on the Continent" was news to me; but I did not require to be informed that he had gone off with Miss Burgoyne. I might some day learn whether he had married her or not; at present I must remain in ignorance. There was no one that I could apply to who would be likely to furnish me with any information. I was wrong; I might have applied to Sir Geoffrey Hamlyn. But I held the man to be the arch-demon in this hideous hell created for me. He had triumphed; but his conquest should receive no fresh impulse of exultation by witnessing me in my agony.

Bitterly I regretted now my interview with the detective. The money I had placed with him in pledge I felt would have been precious to me now as my heart's blood. Useless, too, would be his labors—more than useless his discoveries.

The nurse returned and told me that one of the only two hackney carriages which Newtown could afford was at the door. The coachman mounted the stairs to remove the luggage. As I passed through the hall a dogged-looking man in a long coat followed me with scrutinizing eyes. The coachman, staggering by beneath the weight of my heavy box, cursed the fellow for not offering to help him. But the imperturbable man bade the coachman curse away, for "I live and thrive by curses," he said.

Not a living soul was to be seen as I entered the fly. The road was as vacant as it had been on the preceding night when I had watched for the man who had left me. I was glad to meet no curious speculating eye in that moment of misery.

The coachman, as he closed the door, thrust his head into the window and asked where he should drive us to. A strange question to me! I had to deliberate for my answer. My intense—my feverish eagerness to escape from Chester House—from that building in which I could only have lingered out the two remaining days as the compassionate or despondent castaway mistress of a heartless lover—made me forget to think upon what asylum I should choose.

The emergency—it was made an emergency by the coachman's inquiring and perplexed face—forced a prompt suggestion. I remembered when driving with the major to the opera at Covent Garden having noticed a hotel facing the market. My attention had been called to it by the size of the letters upon the portico proclaiming its title. I gave the name. The coachman knew the hotel well. He clambered on to the box, and in a moment the clumsy old vehicle was rumblingly bearing us in the direction of London.

(To be continued.)

THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE TO THE PACIFIC.

ITS INVENTOR AND ENGINEER.

SEVERAL years ago—many more, in fact, than the present writer cares to remember—he was a resident of the even then beautiful city of Hartford, Conn., a State in which it is understood there has recently been held quite an election. On coming down one morning to breakfast at the United States Hotel, I was made acquainted by the popular host, Homer Morgan, Esq., with a tall, good-looking gentleman named Brown. He was an artist in silhouette paper portraits, then on a professional tour through the New England States. On the walls of the dining-room were hung suspended various specimens of his art, unmistakable likenesses every one, with a certain nameless grace of form, and each one admirably finished by a kind of airy penicilling. There were the "counterfeit presentations" of Homer Morgan, not then the largest real-estate dealer in our great metropolis; "Jun." Morgan, not then a partner of the great George Peabody, of London; E. D. Morgan, not then Governor of the State of New York; Samuel Colt, then full of undeveloped genius, which afterward made two hemispheres reverberate his name. Nor was the public Press unrepresented. There were depicted the form and features of the writer's long-time friendly friend and contemporary, John G. Whittier, then editing the *New England Weekly Review*; Gideon Welles, of Glastenbury, not then Secretary of the Navy of the United States, but known only as the plain-spoken, terse, and sarcastic Democratic editor of the *Hartford Times*, and Lewis Gaylord Clark, whose name stood at the editorial head of the *Connecticut Mirror*, one of the oldest journals of the city, to which the very name of the inimitable poet, John G. C. Brainard, its former editor, had given it a wide celebrity. The very name and person of this silhouette artist had passed from the remembrance of your correspondent, until, a few months since, a cordial letter from the gentleman recalled him to recollection. It informed me that since we had first and last met and parted, now more than thirty years before, he had passed through many vicissitudes and a variety of occupations. Daguerre and photography had "knocked the silhouette business flatter than several flounders;" he had been connected with railways, served as captain of a steamboat on the Ohio and Mississippi, and had now turned author. He was getting through the press of the Messrs. Appleton a complete history of locomotives, from the first rough, uncouth tramway machine of the English Stevenson, to the most finished and complete structure, "with all the modern improvements," with the names and progressive experiments of the several inventors.

On examining his book, what was our surprise to find no mention of Jabez Doolittle, the inventor and engineer of the *First American Locomotive*. He was first encountered by his

historian, the late Charles Augustus Davis, in 1808, on a paddle up the Hudson, upon the *North River*, the first steamboat that ever moved on the waters of any stream with passengers. Among the voyagers was a man whom Mr. Davis had known for some years previous, by the name of Jabez Doolittle, an industrious and ingenious worker in sheet-iron, tin, and wire; but his greatest success lay in wire-work, especially in making rat-traps; and for his last and best invention in that line he had just secured a patent, and with a specimen of his work he was then on a journey through the State of New York, for the purpose of disposing of what he called his "county rights," or, in other words, to sell the privilege of catching "rats and mice, and such small deer," according to his patent trap.

It was a very curious trap, as simple as it was ingenious, as most ingenious things are after they are invented. It was an oblong wire-box, divided into two compartments; a rat entered one, where the bait was hung, which he no sooner touched, than the door at which he entered fell. His only apparent escape was by a funnel-shaped hole into the other apartment, in passing which he moved under another wire, which instantly reset the trap; and thus rat after rat was furnished with the means of "following in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor," until the trap was full. Thus it was not simply a trap to catch a rat, but a trap by which rats trapped rats, *ad infinitum*. "And now that the recollection of that wonderful trap is recalled to my memory," says the historian, who could not let slip a chance to make a political hit, "I would respectfully recommend it to the attention of the Treasury Department as an appendage to the Sub-Treasury system. The 'specification' may be found on file in the Patent Office, No. 11,775."

The trap (he goes on to say) absolutely divided the attention of the passengers; and for my part, it interested me quite as much as did the steam-engine; because, perhaps, I could more easily comprehend its mystery. To me the steam-engine was Greek; the trap was plain English. Not so, however, to Jabez Doolittle. I found him studying the engine with great avidity and perseverance, inasmuch that the engineer evidently became suspicious and alarmed, and declined to answer any more questions.

"You needn't snap me up so 'tarnal short," said Jabez; "a body would think you hadn't got a patent for your machine. If I can't meddle with you on the water, as nigh as I can cal'late, I'll be up to you on land one o' these days."

These ominous words fell on my ear, as I saw Jabez issue from the engine-room, followed by the engineer, who seemed evidently to have got his steam up.

"Well," said I, "Jabez, what do you think of this mighty machine?"

"Why," he replied, "if that critter hadn't got riled up so soon, a body could tell more about it; but I reckon I've got a leetle notion on't;" and then, taking me aside and looking carefully around, lest some one should overhear him, he "then and there" assured me in confidence, in profound secrecy, that if he didn't make a wagon go by steam before he was two years older, he'd "jest give up inventin'."

I at first ridiculed the idea; but when I thought of that rat-trap, and saw before me a man with sharp, twinkling gray eyes, a pointed nose, and every line of his visage a channel of investigation and invention, I could not resist the conclusion that if he ever did attempt to meddle with hot water, we should hear more of it.

Time went on; steamboats multiplied, but none dreamed, or if they did, never told their dream, of a steam-wagon—for even the name of "locomotive" was then as unknown as "locofoco"—when, about a year after the declaration of the last war with England (and may it be the last!), I got a letter from Jabez, marked "Private," telling me that he wanted to see me "most desperately," and that I must make him a visit at his place, "nigh Wallingford." The din of arms and the destruction of insurance companies, the smashing of banks and suspension of specie payments, and various other inseparable attendants on the pomp and circumstances of glorious war, had in the meantime entirely wiped from memory my friend Jabez and his wonderful rat-trap. But I obeyed his summons, not knowing but that something of importance to the army or navy might come of it. On reaching his residence, I imagine my surprise when he told me he reskoned he "had got the notion."

"Notion? What notion?" I inquired.

"Why," said he, "that steam-wagon I told'd you about, a spell ago; but," he added, "it has pretty nigh starved me out;" and sure enough he did look as if he had been on the "anxious seat," as he used to say when things puzzled him.

"I have used up," said he, "plaguy nigh all the sheet-iron and old stove-pipes, and mill-wheels and trunnel-heads, in these parts; but I've succeeded; and for fear that some of these 'cute folks about here may have got a peep through the keyhole, and will trouble me when I come to get a patent, I've sent for you to be a witness; for you was the first and only man I ever hinted the notion to. In fact," continued he, "I think the most curious part of this invention is, that as yet I don't know any one around who has been able to guess what I am about. They all know it is an invention of some kind, for that is my business, you know; but some say it is a thrashing-machine, some a distillery; and lately they begin to think it is a shingle-splitter; but they'll sing another tune when they see it spinning along past the stage-coaches, won't they?"

This brought us to the door of an old clap-boarded, dingy, long one-story building, with a window or two in the roof, the knot-holes and cracks all carfully suffed with old rags, and over the door, "No Admittance." This was his sanctum sanctorum. You can form no idea of

the accumulation of "notions" that were presented to me on entering the workshop of Jabez Doolittle.

But to my text again: "The First Locomotive." There it stood, occupying the centre of all previous conceptions: rat-traps, churns, apple-parers, pill-rollers, cooking-stoves, and shingle-splitters, which hung or stood around it; or, as my Lord Byron says with reference to a more ancient, but not more important, invention:

"Where each conception was a heavenly guest,
A ray of immortality, and stood
Star-like around, until they gathered to a God."

Yes, there it stood, the concentrated focus of all previous rays of inventive genius, the First Locomotive.

An unpainted, unpolished, unadorned, oven-shaped mass of double-riveted sheet-iron, with cranks, and pipes, and trunnel-heads, and screws, and valves, all firmly braced on four strongly-made traveling-wheels.

"It is a curious critter to look at," says Jabez, "but you will like it better when you see it in motion."

He was by this time lighting a quantity of charcoal, which he had stuffed under the boiler. "I filled the b'iler," said he, "arter I stopped workin' on her yesterday, and it hain't leaked a drop since. It'll soon bile up; the coal is first-rate."

Sure enough, the boiler soon gave evidence of "troubled waters," when, by pushing one slide and pulling another, the whole machine, crank and piston, was in motion.

"It works slick, don't it?" said Jabez.

"But," I replied, "it don't move."

"You mean," said he, "the traveling-wheels don't move. That's so; and I don't mean they shall till I get my patent. You see," he added, crouching down, "that trunnel-head there—that small cog-wheel? Well, that's out o' gear just yet; when I turn that into gear by this crank, it fits, you see, on the main traveling-wheel, and then the hull scrape will move, as nigh as I can cal'late, a leetle slower than chain-lightning, and a darned leetle, too! But it won't do to give it a try afore I get the patent. There is only one thing yet," he continued, "that I hain't contrived—but that is a simple matter—and that is, the shortest way of stoppin' on her. My first notion is to see how fast I can make her work without smashing everything to bits, and that is done by screwing down this upper valve. And I'll show you."

And with that he clambered upon the top with a turning-screw in one hand, and a horn of soap-fat in the other, and commenced screwing down the valves, and oiling the piston-rods and crank-joints; and the motion of the mysterious mass increased until all seemed a buzz.

"I's nigh about perfection, ain't it?" said Jabez.

I stood amazed in contemplating the object before me, which I confess I could not fully understand; and hence with the greater readiness permitted my mind to bear off to other matters more comprehensible to the future, which is always more clear than the present under similar circumstances. I heeded not, for the very best reason in the world, because I understood not, the complicated description that Jabez was giving of his still more complicated invention. All I knew was, that here was a machine on four good, sturdy, well-braced wheels, and it only required a recorded patent to authorize that small connecting cog-wheel or trunnel-head to be thrown "into gear," when it would move off without oats, hay, or horse-shoes, and distance the mail-coaches. As I was surrounded with "notions," it was not extraordinary perhaps that one should take full possession of me. It dawned upon me when I saw the machine first put into motion, and was now full-orbed above the horizon of my desires; it was to see the "First Locomotive" move off. The temptation was irresistible; "And who knows," thought I, "but some prying scamp may have been 'peeping through the keyhole,' while Jabez was at work, and, catching the idea, may be even now engaged upon a clumsy imitation, and if he does not succeed in turning the first trick, may at least divide the honors with my friend?"

"Jabez," said I, elevating my voice above the buzzing noise of the machine, "there is only one thing wanting."

"What is that?" he asked, eagerly.

"Immortality!" said I, "and you shall have it, patent or no patent;" and with that I pulled the crank that twisted the connecting trunnel-head into the traveling-wheels, and in an instant away went the machine, with Jabez on top of it, with the whizz and rapidity of a flushed partridge. The side of the old building presented the resistance of wet paper. One crash and the "First Locomotive" was ushered into this breathing world. I hurried to the opening, and had just time to clamber to the top of a fence, to catch the last glimpse of my fast departing friend. True to his purpose, I saw him alternately screwing down the valves and oiling the piston-rod and crank-joints, evidently determined that, although he had started off a leetle unexpectedly, he would redeem the pledge he had given, which was, "that if it did go, it would go a leetle slower than a streak of chain-lightning, and a darned leetle, too."

"Like a cloud in the dim distance fleeing,
Like an arrow he flew away!"

But a moment, and he was here; in a moment he was there; and now where is he?—or, rather, where is he not? But that for the present is "neither here nor there."

The vile Moslem ridiculed the belief, so religiously cherished by the Christian Don, that in all the bloody conflicts that laid the Crescent low in the dust, Saint Jago, on a white horse, led on to the battle and secured triumph to the Cross; but as this has now become matter of history, confirmed by the fact, that on numerous occasions this identical "warrior saint" was distinctly seen "pounding the Moors" successfully and simultaneously in battle-scenes remote from each other, and proving his identity by saintly ubiquity, so we may safely

indulge the belief that the spirit, if not the actual body and bones, of Jabez Doolittle stands perched on every locomotive that may be seen in every direction threading its way at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour, to the total annihilation of time and space. The incredulous, like the Moors of old, may indulge their unbelief; but for myself, I never see a locomotive in full action, that I do not see Jabez there, directing its course, as plainly as I see the immortal Clinton in every canal-boat, or the equally immortal Fulton on every steam-boat.

Unfortunately, however, these, like Jabez Doolittle, started in their career of glory without a patent, trusting too far to an ungrateful world; and now the descendants of either may (if they pay their passage) indulge the luxury that the "inventive spirit" of their ancestors have secured to the age.

Some doubtful mystery still hangs over the first invention of a steamboat; but none whatever can now exist in regard to the origin of the locomotive branch of the great steam family. The latest posterity may now retrace by back-track and turn-out, through a long railroad line of illustrious ancestors, the first projector and contriver of the "First Locomotive," their immortal progenitor, "Jabez Doolittle, Esq., nigh Wallingford, Conn."

Washington Irving, who was familiar with the ground over which Mr. Doolittle was traversing with hitherto unprecedented speed, was favored with many letters which had been addressed from various parts of the country to the exceedingly graphic historian of Mr. Doolittle and his wonderful "steam-wagon." And under the *nom de plume* of Hiram Crackenhorpe, of St. Louis, apparently not willing, even as yet, to volunteer his indorsement to an enterprise which was still out of doubt in the minds of many persons, he says: "It would appear, from the letters which you have confided to me, from various parts of the country, respecting Jabez Doolittle and his very expensive and emphatic machine, that he has the gift of ubiquity, having been seen at about the same time in a dozen different places and in a dozen different shapes, but always under full speed—a kind of 'Flying Dutchman' on land. 'Hic et ubique' would seem to be his motto. The letter of Mr. Crackenhorpe is subjoined, not without the hope that it may tend to set the Far West at ease on a matter which has caused some consternation."

To CHARLES AUGUSTUS DAVIS, ESQ., *Steam Biographer of Jabez Doolittle, inventor and engineer of the "First Locomotive."*

SIR: I read with great interest your paper, entitled "The First Locomotive." It throws light on an incident which has long been a theme of marvel in the Far West. You must know that I was one among the first band of trappers that crossed the Rocky Mountains. We had encamped one night on the ridge of the Black Hills, and were wrapped up in our blankets, in the midst of our first sleep, when we were roused by the man who stood sentinel, who cried out: "Wild Fire! by—"

We started on our feet, and beheld a streak of fire coming across the prairies, for all the world like lightning or a shooting star. We had hardly time to guess what it might be, when it came up, whizzing and clanking, and making a tremendous racket; and we saw something huge and black, with wheels and traps of all kinds, and an odd-looking being on the top of it, busy as they say the devil is in a gale of wind. In fact, some of our people thought that it was the Old Gentleman himself, taking an airing in one of his infernal carriages; others thought it was the opening of one of the "seals" in the Revelations. Some of the stoutest fellows fell on their knees and began to pray. A Kentuckian plucked up courage enough to hail the infernal coachman as he passed, and ask him whither he was driving; but the speed with which he whirled by, and the rattling of his machine, prevented our catching more than the last words: "Slam-bang to eternal smash!"

In five minutes more he was across the prairies, beyond the Black Hills, and we saw him shooting like a jack-o-lantern over the Rocky Mountains.

The next day we tracked his course. He had cut through a great drove of buffalo, some hundred or two of which lay cut up, as if the butchers had been there. We heard of him afterward, driving through a village of Black Feet, and smashing the lodge of the chief, with all his family. Beyond the Rocky Mountains we could hear nothing more of him, so that we had concluded that he had ended his brimstone career by driving into one of the craters that still smoke among the peaks.

This circumstance, sir, as I have said, has caused much speculation in the Far West; but many persons set it down as a "trapper's story," which is about equivalent to a "traveler's tale;" neither would the author of "Astoria," and "Bownville's Adventures" admit it into his works, though heaven knows he has not been over-squeamish in such matters. Your graphic sketch has now cleared up the matter, and henceforth I shall tell the story without fear of being hooted at. I make no doubt, sir, this supposed infernal apparition was nothing more nor less than Jabez Doolittle, with his locomotive, on his way to Astoria.

"Who knows, who knows what waste
He is now careering o'er?"

as the song goes; perhaps scouring California; perhaps whizzing away to the North Pole. One thing is certain and satisfactory: he is the first person that ever crossed the Rocky Mountains on wheels. His transit shows that those mountains are traversable with carriages, and that it is perfectly easy to have a railroad to the Pacific. If such road should ever be constructed, I hope, in honor of the great projector who led the way, it may be called "The Doolittle Railroad," unless that name should have been given as characteristic of the many railroads already in progress.

NEWS BREVITIES.

THE base-ball season opened briskly.

JUVENILE suicide is the prevailing epidemic.

READING, Pa., manufactures 100,000 bricks per day.

THE Chinese have a fondness for suspension bridges.

THE Carlists still threaten the peace of Amadeus.

MINNESOTA is to have an immense Swiss reservation.

THE new fortifications at Strasbourg are to cost \$35,000,000.

A GENERAL suspension of work at the coal mines is feared next month.

THE remains of 117 steamboats lie on the bottom of the Arkansas river.

ONE hatter in New York has orders for 200,000 Greeley campaign hats.

A SAN FRANCISCO court has decided that opium-eating is not intemperance.

NORTH CAROLINA announces her regular discovery of "rich veins of gold."

ST. LOUIS has so many suicides that her papers speak of them numerically.

BROWN UNIVERSITY will hold its 104th annual commencement on the 26th of June.

GOVERNOR HOFFMAN vetoed both charters passed by the New York Legislature.

THE recent earthquake increased the flow of hot springs generally in California.

THE New York State Democratic Convention indorsed the Cincinnati platform.

A DISAPPOINTED lover came all the way from London to Niagara to jump off.

THE captured French cannon are very rapidly cast into German church-bells.

STATISTICS show that three girls to one boy are born, on an average, throughout Mexico.

LAKE MAHOPAC, N. Y., is likely to be unusually popular as a summer resort this season.

A GIRLS' boat-club from Michigan College is to take part in the University race this summer.

OWING to the severity of the winter, the Maryland oyster-beds have been seriously damaged.

THIRTEEN children were born on a single steamer during the voyage from Liverpool to Quebec.

MR. GREELEY spends four hours every Saturday on his farm, hard at work, and is then happy.

THERE were 750,000 words telegraphed from Cincinnati to the newspapers about the Convention.

A CARPET-BAG journeyed by mail from St. John to San Francisco and return, a distance of 7,960 miles, in 19 days.

SPRINGBOROUGH, in Crawford County, Pa., with a population of 300, has 30 residents whose ages average 70 years.

BOSTON imitates New York in obtaining a Flower Mission—ladies who distribute bouquets to the sick and poor.

PRISONERS in Indianapolis return good for evil by escorting home the inebriated policemen who have arrested them.

It will cost \$63,000,000 to connect the Caspian and Black Seas, and occupy a period of five years of active labor.

THE people of Wyoming don't know whether to call their female judge a justness of the peace or a justice of the pieces.

A GREAT gathering of all the Indian tribes in Utah Territory is expected soon in the neighborhood of San Pete Valley.

SOME one professes to have found a race of Indians who live without sleeping. They ought to be educated for night editors.

A FRENCH colony in Franklin, Kansas, has established a velvet manufactory at that place, the first one in the United States.

BRIXLEGG, in the Tyrol, encouraged by the success of the exhibition at Ober-Ammergau, proposes to give a Passion Play this year.

THE Mormon journals declare it to be a sheer waste of public money to appropriate, as proposed, \$120,000 for a military post at Beaver.

A LAKE has just been discovered among the Cascade Mountains in Oregon, which is surrounded by a perpendicular wall 2,000 feet high.

GRASSHOPPERS have made their appearance in Southern Utah, and the people have been compelled to fight them to save vegetation.

A MICHIGAN jury, not being overburdened with reason, rendered a verdict in rhyme. Not content to make justice, they wished to meter it.

ENGLAND has renewed the Tichborne excitement by the discovery of an alleged daughter of Sir Roger in the person of a farmer's servant-girl.

AN association, organized in New York similarly to the English "Palestine Exploration Fund," is preparing an expedition to represent America in this field of antiquarian research.

DURING the great fire in Yeddo, Japan, where the wounded and lame were unable to escape, the officials slashed right and left with their swords, and thus saved many persons from the more awful fate of burning.

EUROPE has a new religious order, the "White Ladies," or Reparatrices, the object of whose life is to obtain, by ardent prayer, pardon for the insults, neglect and outrages offered to the holy sacrament throughout the world.

A WOMAN has been arrested in San Francisco for attempting to erase from the tombstone of her child that portion of its name which it took from her first husband. She had been divorced from that husband and had one now that suited her better, and she intended to substitute the name of the new beloved for that originally inscribed on the tablet. But number one, who had some claims on that child, stepped in and stopped the erasing process.

A PARIS correspondent relates the story of a sad wedding party in that city. The whole party came out of the church weeping. The bride wept, the mother wept, the company wept, and the groom wept more copiously than all combined. The only persons who did not weep were four men and a child. The child was born out of wedlock, and to give it a name the parents had married before they parted for ever. The groom was a young clerk, sentenced to transportation for forgery, and he was to leave the following morning. The four men who accompanied him were police agents, ordered to go with him to the church and to the Mayor's office and to bring him safe back to prison after the marriage was celebrated.



Entrance to Farm from Chappaqua Village. Walled Spring.

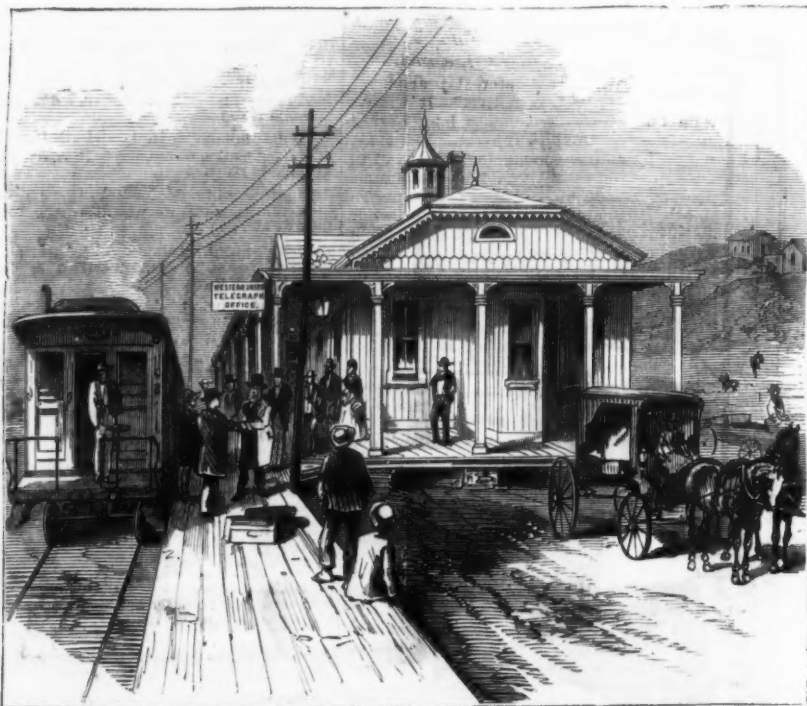
New Barn.

Orchard.

Hemlock Grove.

Conse

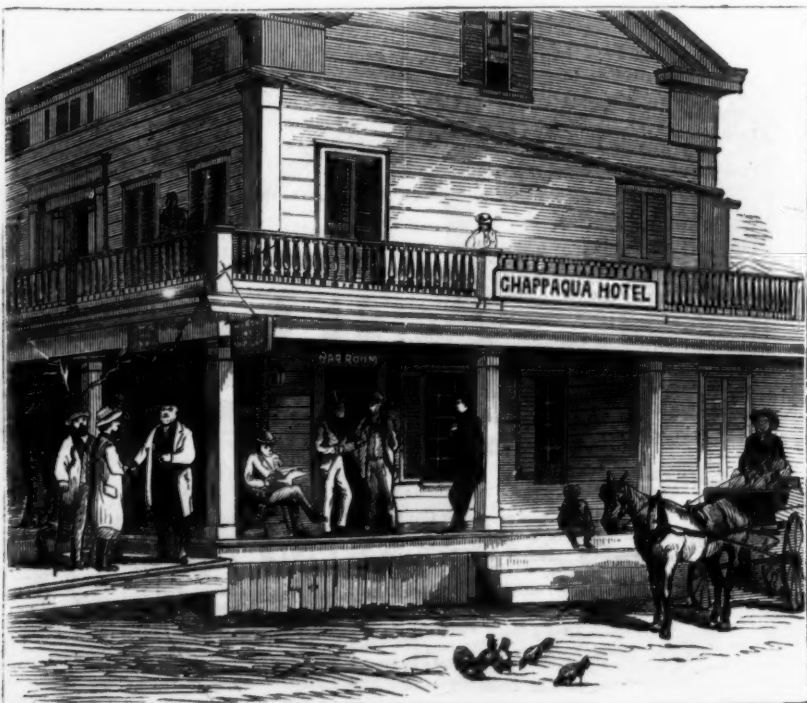
GENERAL VIEW OF MR. GREELEY'S FARM



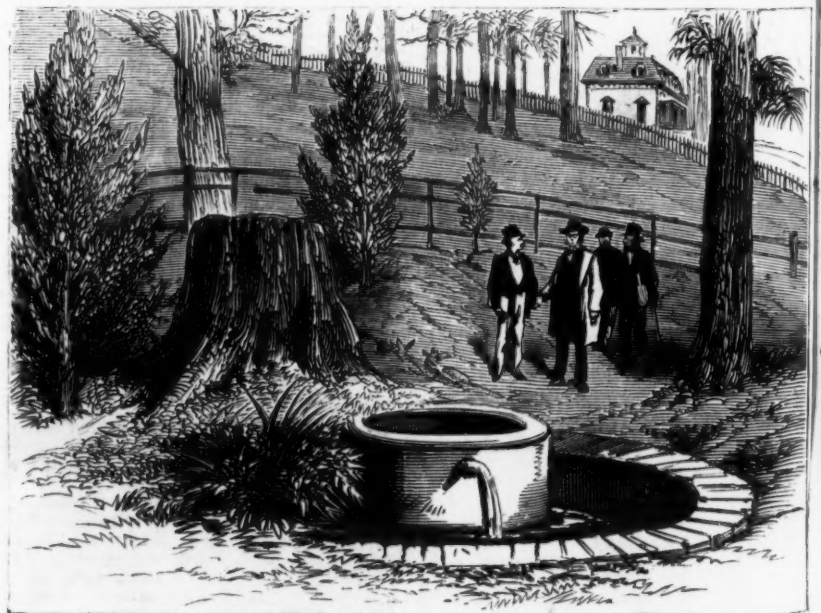
THE RAILROAD DEPOT AT CHAPPAQUA—ARRIVAL OF THE TRAIN WITH MR. GREELEY.



THE OLD HOMESTEAD AT CHAPPAQUA IN W

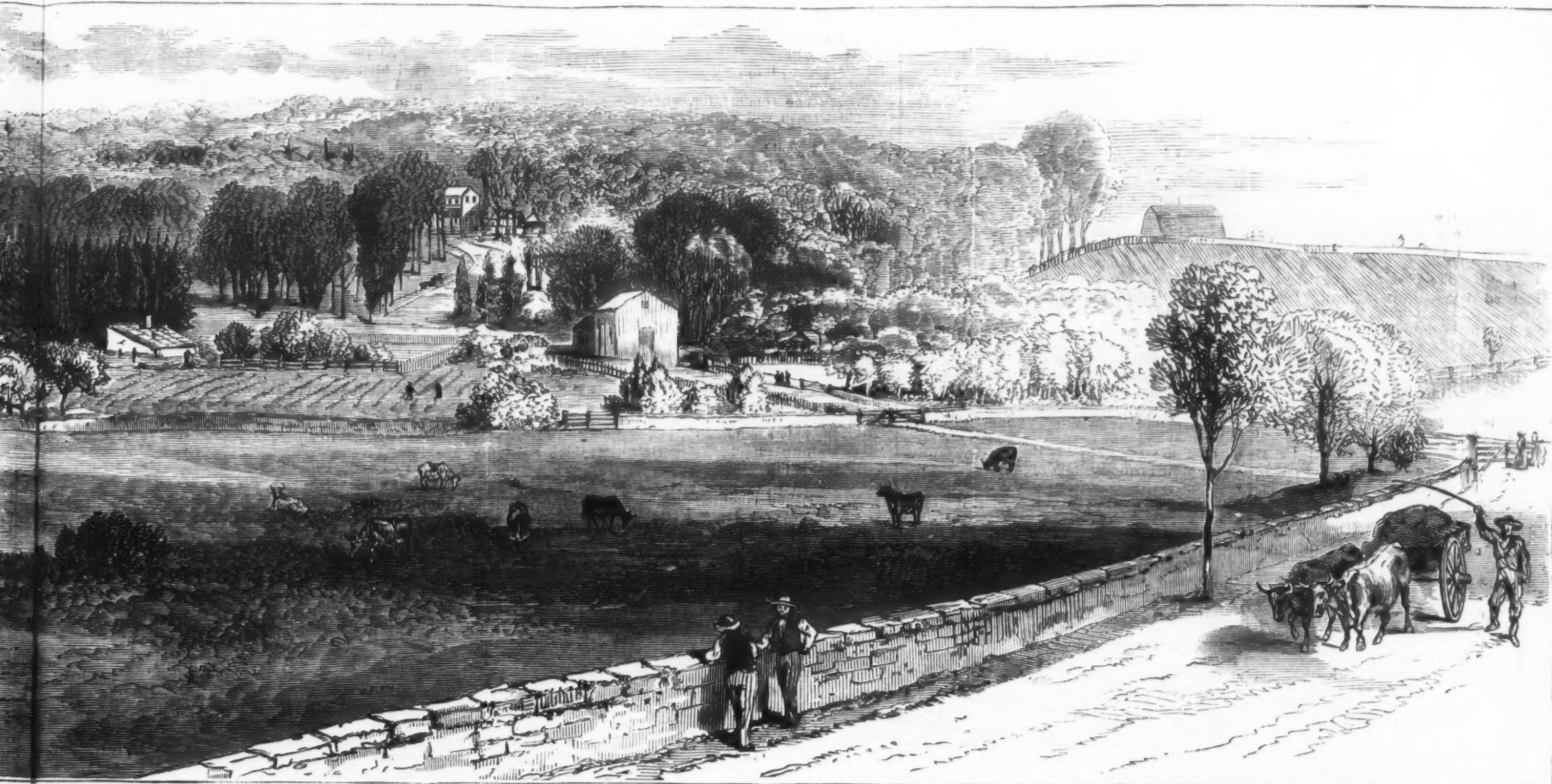


THE HOTEL AT CHAPPAQUA—MR. GREELEY MEETING HIS FARMER FRIENDS.



MR. GREELEY AT THE WALLED SPRING.

NEW YORK.—HORACE GREELEY AT HOME—VIEWS OF THE CHAPPAQUA FARM AND ITS SUR



Conservatory.

Old Homestead.

Old Barn and Ice House.

Southeast Entrance to the Farm.

GREELEY'S FARM AT CHAPPAQUA.



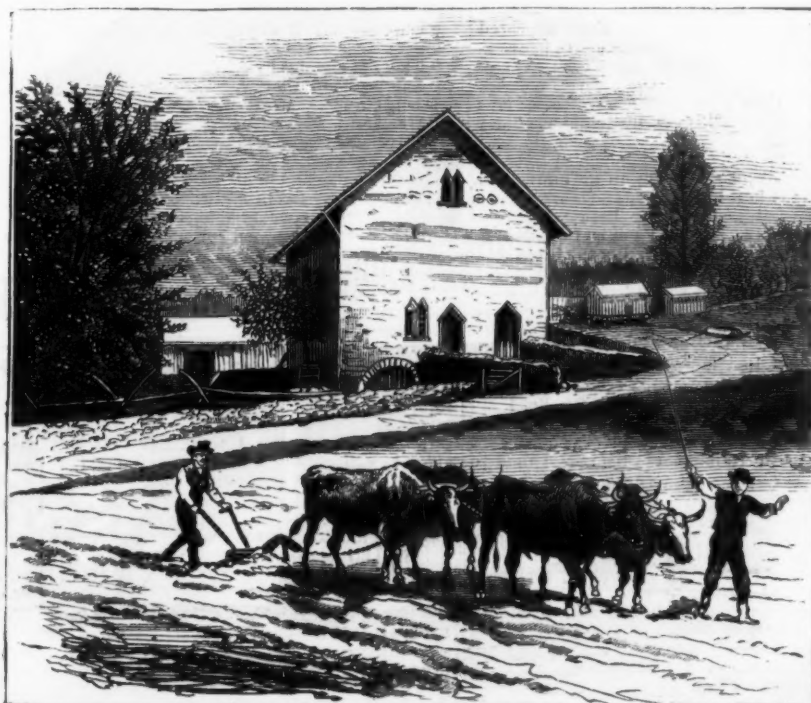
AT CHAPPAQUA IN WHICH MR. GREELEY RESIDES.



THE POST-OFFICE AT CHAPPAQUA—MR. GREELEY GETTING OUT HIS LETTERS.



MR. GREELEY IN HIS CONSERVATORY.



MR. GREELEY AT THE PLOW IN FRONT OF HIS STONE BARN.

ONE—BUT TWO.

BY

HAROLD HENGE.

THE red-faced sun is sauntering down the slope,
To cozen all the nether world with hope.
Why is my mind with bitterness so rife,
Distilling poison from the flowers of life?

The blowy butcher, when he stabs the lamb,
Is not astonished at the blood which starts;
And why should clumsy consternation dam
The current of their ease who slaughter hearts,
At some thick coze that peradventure drips
In verbal gout from cataleptic lips?

What do I mean? 'Twere hard to tell, indeed.
These forward words are like capricious cures,
That, far without the hums and stirs and
whurs
Of tumultuous cities, blind beggars lead
Into pinched lanes, where charity keeps
house.

Begrudging crumbs unto its brats and spouse,
Thought, begging vent, of verbiage the thrall,
Reaches no thoroughfare, no common track,
Where comprehension may perchance befall,
But dies absurdly in some *cul-de-sac*.

Why, naught is ever meant, save bread and
meat;
Soul never yet companioned a soul;
My yearnings are like maddened hands, that
beat

Against dumb prison-walls. Now, cheek by
Jowl
Our flesh may lie; but I have never yet
Touched you, nor can, sweetheart, till time
be set

To bellow brazenly the hour of doom;
And then, perhaps, between us, wan and wide,
Will gaze the empty spaces that divide
The balm of Heaven and the Pit's slime.

Why ape the shallow shock of seas upon
Insensate shores? Grow torpid, like the toad,
And sweeter out the lapses of the sun,
O soul, till Atlas dashes down his load.
Wee wife, I'm talking nonsense. Grant me
grace;

Please be once more my kitten, and cry mew.
What!—tears!—grief crystallized! Sweet, turn
thy face.

Ah, from those pansies let me kiss the dew,
Woo back the roses to those cheeks so wan.
And gain forgiveness—through the drygoods-
man.

MY GUARDIAN'S SON.

BY

FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CHAPTER XVI.

DURING the rest of the morning I saw neither Mrs. Phelps or her son. I went directly up to my room, where I found Teresa engaged with her embroidery—for those crooked old fingers of hers could fabricate the most marvelous things in that line, and it was the only sort of work any human being could induce her to do.

"Land's sake, Miss Eleanor!" she exclaimed, the instant she set eyes on me. "What de goodness ye ben doin' to yourself? You're jist as white as dis yer muslin! Be ye sick?"

"I am perfectly well," I answered; "only tired."

"How de goodness you tire yourself dis time of day?" she grumbled.

"I walked too far, that's all."

"I jist don't believe in so much walking," expostulated Teresa, who never by any chance took a step that could be avoided, and was always bitterly opposed to my fondness for long rambles. "But be ye sure dat's all? Nebber seed ye look so in all my born days."

"Never mind me, Teresa; I am well enough. Why don't you take your work down-stairs and sit with Rosa? You must be lonesome here."

Teresa was never averse to a gossip, and I was glad of any pretext to be alone.

"Ye hain't seed a ghost nor nothing, have you?" she inquired, as she picked up her spool and basket, for a dread of phantoms was one of Teresa's chief weaknesses.

"I thought you told me they never appeared in daylight," I answered, laughing at her anxious manner, in spite of my weariness and trouble.

"Dat is their rule," replied Teresa, sagely; "but in dis barrack der's no tellin' when dey might 'pear."

"I haven't met any, at all events; so be off with yourself. I am going to lie on the sofa and read my new book."

"You'll git guitar in de head wid all dis reading," Teresa averred; but as I did not answer, she went away, muttering to herself like an ill-natured raven.

As the excitement which had stimulated me died, I became sorely troubled in recalling the events of the morning. Mrs. Phelps's discovery of me in the tower placed us in a very unpleasant position in regard to each other, and I puzzled myself as to what course of conduct it was wisest for me to adopt. Finally, I decided that when we met, I should behave just as usual. She had so much tact and self-control, I felt certain that, if she had time to subdue her anger, she would follow my example; and since it was impossible for me to leave the house at present, it was much better that at least an appearance of friendliness should be preserved between us.

But, all the same, I was as firmly convinced as ever that I had gone near the discovery of the secret which troubled her life. Her emotion had been as much fear as anger. I knew now she dreaded me now, how bitterly she would hate me; but I did not care for that. She could do me no harm, and her regard for her own interests and peace would cause her to treat me as usual. It was misery to think of remaining in the house, to be subjected to

her society—worse, to that of her son; but at present it was inevitable, and I had too many poignant anxieties, where Roland was concerned, to fret over petty troubles that only assailed me personally.

While I lay on the sofa, trying not to think, lest I should again lose all power of self-control, Ruth Byerson crept into the room in the mysterious fashion in which she always visited me of late.

"I thought you was up here, my pretty," she said; "and I'm so unsettled this morning that I felt as if it would do me good to bother you a little."

"You never do that, Ruth," I answered; "it is a great comfort to see you."

"I feel as if I couldn't keep away from you; what with the knowing he's near and all! You'll see him to-day, Miss Elly?"

"Yes, this afternoon."

"That's partly what I come up about. I couldn't have him go away without seeing him again."

"So you must, Ruth."

"Wait a minute, my deary! I've managed it; I'm generally pretty clumsy, but I managed this as cute as Mrs. Phelps herself could."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Why, I told the madame I wanted to go down to York the first of next week, to see my relations—I do go two or three times a year always—and now I can see him off, and nobody the wiser."

"How glad I am! What a comfort it will be to him!"

"It would be more, I expect, if it was you, deary; but the old woman loves him true."

"It would not be safe for me to attempt it," I said. "There is no excuse I could make; it would be sure to excite suspicion."

"Don't you do a thing that might, Miss Elly. Them pison serpents!"

"What has happened to trouble you?" I asked.

"Well, mebbly I oughtn't to tell you, for it may worry you, but all the same I feel as if you ought to know."

"What is it, Ruth? Don't frighten me."

"I won't, I won't! Oh, dear, if there was only some place for you to go—there ain't, I suppose?"

"Why do you wish it—what has happened?"

Of course the truth could not come out at once—after the pleasant fashion of myself; she had first to indulge in apologies and hints, that only rendered her behavior more mysterious, and worked me into a tolerable fright before I could get at the cause of her uneasiness.

At last it was made clear; in her conversation with Ruth, Mrs. Phelps had insinuated doubts of my sanity.

"It wasn't," explained Mrs. Byerson, "as if she'd been angry, and said she believed you crazy, but she talked about and about, and asked me if I knew was ever any of your relations on either side wrong in their heads."

Ruth paused to see what effect her communication was having, but I sat calm enough, and motioned her to go on.

"No, indeed," I said, "never! Then she went on in her smooth way to ask me if I didn't think you was odd, and I flamed up. So she softened down, and said perhaps you was all right now, she guessed you was, but if in the future any great trouble happened to you, she'd be afraid for your reason."

Ruth and I sat looking at each other for a few seconds in silence. I was not in the least frightened; as I have said before, my anxiety for Roland was so keen and incessant, that it left no room in my mind for personal fears.

"Ruth," I said, "that woman means mischief."

"But why, Miss Elly—that's what puzzles me."

I could have made her understand easily enough by explaining to her my theories in regard to the mysterious secret which Mrs. Phelps and her son shared in common, but I did not wish to do this.

"The reasons are not of much consequence," I said. "Never mind, Ruth; this year will end at last, then I shall be free from both."

"There ain't no way she could get at your property if you was crazy?" Ruth went on.

"The woman hates me, that's reason enough for everything."

"Oh, Miss Elly, it makes me afraid to have you stay."

"I am not afraid," I said.

"But you ought to have somebody to advise you better'n me," she pleaded.

"When Roland is once gone," I said, "I mean to. There's an old friend of Mr. Ramsay's in New York, a lawyer, whom I saw once, several years ago; I shall go to him and tell him everything. I believe that for my dear old guardian's sake he would help me."

That idea was somewhat consolatory to Ruth, and she was able to think again about her proposed visit. I was very glad that she was going; Roland would sail before her return, and I should at least be relieved from the fears which her intense and uncontrollable excitement all the while caused me.

"Mrs. Phelps did not seem surprised at your wishing to go to town?" I inquired, fearful that Ruth's manner of asking might create some suspicion in her mind.

"Not a bit, deary; I went last year just about this time. Oh, indeed, I was cunning as a serpent; I give way before you, Miss Elly, but I hain't quite lost my head."

"After all, she could not," I said; "she can have no idea of what has been going on; it's only that my anxiety makes me as full of fancies as if I were as insane as she would be glad to believe."

"She's the devil!" exclaimed Ruth, "or, rather, that Richard is, and pushes her on. Why, your head's as clear as a bell; you've got the sense of a judge."

"I think my reason will last, Ruth. I mean to prove a match for their cunning, too."

"And it will, deary; we've got right on our side, and the Lord won't forget us."

I felt humbled by her patient faith; it strengthened me to repeat her homely words to my heart. In the darkness which followed I clung to them, and they made my one possibility of bearing the burden laid upon me.

"Besides," I said, "the year will soon pass, and after that, Ruth, we may hope for a little rest at least."

"That's one comfort, for, wherever you go, the old women will follow you if you'll have her."

"As if I could get on without you!" I answered, and after the habit of feminines, we were able for a time to dwell so much upon our future plans, that we almost forgot the trouble and darkness which surrounded us.

"I must go down-stairs," Ruth said at last. "That new cook ain't worth her salt; she'll be sure to spoil the luncheon if I don't see to it."

"Do have it early, because I want to get out, Ruth."

"Yes, deary; and be sure to tell my boy that I'll see him in New York, though it'll be little enough comfort to him when he has to leave you behind."

"Indeed it will be a very great one, Ruth, and to me—you will bring me the latest news of him—it will be the next thing to going myself."

"If you only could—"

"Now, Ruth, stop! We mustn't even think of that—it is impossible."

"What an old fool I am!" she exclaimed, half crying and laughing at the same time. "If there's ever a thing I oughtn't to say to you, that's just what pops out in spite of me."

"You needn't scold yourself; you only echoed my own thought; I might as well say I always think the wrong thing."

"Well," said Ruth, "they say women are geese, but, law me, if they weren't, I guess there'd have to be a new set of men got up to suit 'em."

Ruth absolutely laughed at her own witticism, and went off in much better spirits to struggle with the new cook, who had been a source of worry and irritation ever since she came into the house.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE luncheon-bell rang, while I still sat as Ruth left me, thinking, pondering, planning, all to no purpose, after the weary, wearing habit of the past weeks. My first impulse was to absent myself from the table, but it was as well to meet my tormentors then as any time. I had done right; if my search had proved successful, my motives would have vindicated themselves. I had failed, but that was no reason for shrinking from these people, as if I were afraid or ashamed. It was for them to shrink, to be troubled. Right and innocence were on my side; at least, since I could do not ing else, I would enter a silent protest against their concealed iniquity, by my conduct.

So I went down-stairs, probably rather tragic in my demeanor, as the young are apt to be when roused out of the ordinary routine of life, but my grandeur was sadly wasted. The servant said Mr. Richard had not come in from his ride, and Mrs. Phelps desired to be excused from coming down. She sent no plea of illness, so I understood that she meant me to know she staid away as a rebuke to my behavior, but I knew that in her heart it was as much because she was troubled and full of fears, and wanted time to collect herself; perhaps to consult with that arch hypocrite, her son, as to the best manner of treating the occurrence of the morning.

I forced myself to eat. I knew that Mrs. Phelps would ask if I had, and imagine me in trouble if I told that I showed no appetite. That over, I went up to my room and prepared to go out.

I got my bonnet and cloak on, and was passing through the upper hall, when I saw Ruth. I made her a little sign, fearful that she would indulge in one of her unearthly whispers, and I never knew who might be listening in that house. If anybody were, I had as well speak for his or her benefit, so I called out:

"I am going for a walk, Mrs. Byerson; the sun shines so bright, I can't bear to stay indoors."

I hurried on before Ruth could reply, for she was so nervous and shaken these days that there was no telling what irrelevant and compromising answer she might make. I looked back from the head of the staircase; she was wiping her eyes on her apron. I knew she meant to relieve herself by a fresh cry, but it was safer to leave her to do it alone.

I reached the shrubberies without meeting any other member of the household, and wandered aimlessly about there for a long time, apparently only seeking distraction in the fresh air, though all the while I was consumed by a fever of impatience to be gone.

I wandered further and further away through the thickets, and reached the grove. Here I paused and looked about. There was no one in sight. I had not been followed. I could go on now without fear, as it was impossible for anybody to see me from the house. How I hated it as I looked back through the trees at the time-worn walls and mysterious tower!

I darted off through the woods as rapidly as my strength would carry me, and, I think, with something of the sensation a wild animal must have when it knows that it has outwitted its pursuers.

It was a long distance to the waterfall, but I never once stopped until I reached it, and caught sight of Roland seated on a fallen tree-trunk, near its edge. I saw him spring up and hurry forward to meet me; then the tension of my nerves gave way, and I sank into his arms, for some moments so completely overcome by the hysterical emotion which had been so long with difficulty repressed, that for many moments I could only sob and choke, and behave like an idiot generally.

He was dreadfully alarmed, but as soon as I could gasp out any intelligible words, I had sense enough to try and assure him that I

agitation only proceeded from my fear of discovery and my breathless flight.

"There's nothing the matter—nothing! Oh, I am sorry to be foolish—so sorry."

He tried in every way to soothe me as soon as he recovered from the alarm which my absurdity had caused him, and after a while I could sit down and speak collectedly, and appreciate the great happiness of once more looking in his dear face and hearing the sound of his voice.

"Now you are quite yourself again," he said, tenderly.

"Yes; you ought to scold me for being so silly; but, oh, Roland, these days have been so long, so long!"

"My darling, I think I know that; but let us forget them for a few moments; you are here."

"It seemed as if I should never see you again—should come and find you gone! Oh, I thought I had run a thousand miles."

"Poor little bird!" he said, tenderly, stroking my long curls; "poor little Eleanor! It was a hard fate that led your life near my blighted existence."

"You mustn't say that, Roland; it hurts me! It makes me feel as if I were weak and cowardly! It was not hard. I bless God every day for having allowed me to meet you."

"My brave Eleanor!"

"I try to be; I do try."

"And you are—the bravest girl!"

"If I could only prove it, Roland! If there were anything I could do; but I am so helpless."

"Dear child," he answered, in that patient voice which hurt me worse than the most bitter complaints, "no human being can do anything! It is in God's hands. He will help us in His own time—His own way—we can only remember that."

"But it is so hard to have faith, Roland!"

"Don't I know—don't I know?"

"Forgive me for complaining," I said, able to look up now and smile at last. "There, I won't be bad any more."

I could see that he had changed during the past days. The anxiety he had suffered on my account, his approaching departure, had all preyed upon his mind till they reacted on his physical strength.

"You have been ill—suffering," I said.

"No; not to speak of, dearest; I have been troubled with my old enemy—sleeplessness; that is all."

"And I, instead of being any comfort to you, have only been an added anxiety," I said.

"No, no; that could never be! It is hard to leave you, Eleanor; how hard I dare not think; but I cannot be grateful enough that the blessing of your love was granted to my desolate life."

"If I could only do anything—be any help!"

"You can love me, think of me, pray for me. Oh, is that nothing, Eleanor?"

"Everything to me, but it seems so little, when I want to do so much to prove my affection, to be of some use in your life."

"His ways are not as our ways," Roland answered, solemnly, with that sublime faith which never deserted him—which made him in my eyes a truer hero than if he had won battles or gained a martyr's crown. "Some time—somewhere, it will all be made clear; we shall understand then that it was for the best."

I was silent; I could not murmur or repine while he bore his burdens with such unflinching fortitude, such complete, child-like faith in the goodness of the Heavenly Father. But in spite of his courage, the past days had told severely upon his bodily frame, and he looked so weary and ill, that my heart sank lower than ever, and my last courage failed when I remembered with what new hope I had believed I should come forth to this meeting, and how utterly helpless the occasion found me.

But Roland could only think of the separation which was so rapidly approaching, the gloomy exile to which he must go forth, this time for ever! The peril was too great to be again encountered, and the remainder of his life must be passed far from every association connected with the land of his birth.

It was a settled thing now between us that as soon as I reached my majority I should take Ruth Byerson and go abroad to live. Further than that our wildest dream did not go; it was the sole sacrifice that Roland would accept from me. But I knew that it was the only course which would give me either happiness or peace—at least I should be near him—free to see him daily. I could be his friend, his counselor, and we would go on out of our troubled youth till the very renunciation of our love should give it a holier position in a higher sphere.

This would be our last meeting but one until my year of captivity—I could call it nothing less—was finished, and there would be no one who could have a right to exercise the slightest control upon my actions.

You can imagine what an interview like that must be; but we were both very calm. Roland had suffered too much and too long not to have learned the stern lesson of self-control, and I was too fearful of increasing his pain to reveal a tithe of the desolation and despair which tortured my very soul.

Then, there was so much else to talk of—my suspicions, that visit to the tower; but these things were all so vague, that the speculations in which we indulged would sound like the disordered fancies of maniacs to most people, if I were to record them.

It was time for us to separate, but we still lingered. Oh, those terrible farewells, more bitter than the pangs of death; harder even than to watch the last dying look of recognition in eyes beloved!

"You will come here to-morrow?" Roland said.

"Yes; there is nothing that could stop me," I answered.

"For the last time"—those were the horrible words on the lips of both, but neither could utter them.

"Come as early as possible," was all Roland added.

"You know I will," I said.

Then, for a few instants we sat in silence; but it was not safe; we must talk, encourage one another up to the latest moment, or we should break down utterly under this agony.

"Ruth is going to New York," I said; "she will go to-morrow, and stay until—until—"

I had thought I could finish the sentence calmly, but the words died in a gasping breath.

"Until I sail," Roland concluded for me, but the dreadful words unnerved him, too, and he threw his arm about me, and drew me close to him, with one dry, hard sob, that was more painful than tears. But he soon recovered his composure, and looked down into my eyes with his resigned, beautiful smile.

"Our dear old Ruth," he said, "how glad I shall be to have her familiar face beside me!" "Yes; and she will bring me your latest word—tell me just how you look," I began, bravely, but could not resist crying out—"If I could only go with her—if we need not come back!"

"Ah, child! if we could only have heaven here!"

"Other people are happy. Oh, forgive me—I didn't mean that."

"At least now we have something to look forward to," he said. "The year will pass; it seems so strange to me to look forward with any sort of hope."

I cannot repeat our conversation in that parting—the remembrance is sacred to me; though every word is so firmly impressed upon my mind, that it seems to me not even the light of eternity itself can ever obliterate them.

(To be continued.)

HORACE GREELEY AT HOME. PLEASURES OF LIFE AT CHAPPAQUA— THE JOURNALIST'S ELYSIUM.

THIRTY-TWO miles from New York city, on the Harlem Railroad, is the delightful village of Chappaqua, made prominent by the residence of the Hon. Horace Greeley.

The heart inclined to association with a stretch of Nature, where her bosom has not been assaulted by the pioneers of progress, or where a free range of the eye embraces the contrast of agricultural labor with pristine wildness, can find no more congenial wooing-place.

The agreeable changes of scenery with which the visitor is treated at every turn excite admiration and homelike sympathies. Now, a patch of reclaimed meadow-land, scarified by the plow's deep tooth; then, a cool indolence-inviting ravine, resonant with countless warblers, and teeming with full animal life; anon, a tall, rugged pine cluster, with here and there an avenue, hewn by the popular journalist; again, a mountain ruffle, overlooking the undulating acres where all manner of vegetables are warming into succulent life; and then a sprinkling of buildings, dropped without any apparent intention of regularity or availability.

One could spend many a long vacation on the Chappaqua farm without being wearied or familiar with all its attractions. It is the nearest approach to rest that a steady-working, brain-racked journalist could hope to attain on this earth.

The atmosphere is clear, the air strong. One feels that the body is undergoing a great change, growing in vigor and proportion. The breeze plays acceptably with the apparel, and the gray hairs and impaired sight are forgotten. There is a disposition to leap fences and annihilate space, fly to the pine-crests and gather all the nectar of an unpoisoned air; in fact, play all sorts of impossible pranks. Such is the change wrought on the city journalist by a few whiffs of country oxygen.

THE VILLAGE OF THE "SINGING WATERS."

We reached Chappaqua on a Friday afternoon, and alighting at the depot, made our first discovery, to-wit: that the station-master is the only German in the place. Everything looks old-fashioned. Fifty years must have been cut from Time's calendar. Accosting a resident, of bronze visage, we inquired if he knew where Mr. Greeley lived.

"What, Uncle Horace? Well, I guess no one hereabouts doesn't know that. Going there, friend?"

There is a smack of the Yankee in these people. They can't resist answering one question with another.

"Yes, my good fellow; will you step along and show the way?"

"Well, I guess I'll jog a bit. If you wait a while you'll see him; he usually gets here about half after five."

"In the meantime, if you will tell us something about Chappaqua, we will appreciate your kindness."

And so, passing along a very uncertain plank-walk about a hundred feet, our cicerone stopped before the Chappaqua Hotel.

"Here is where Uncle Horace takes a good many meals, and tells the folks what's goin' on."

"Do the villagers gather here by appointment?"

"Not exactly; but you see they know when he's due, and you'll always find a lot waitin' to hear of the doin's down below."

"Is the hotel very old?"

"Not this one. There's one further on that's seen more years than you and me, but it's pretty nigh gone now."

At the entrance of the hotel we were startled by the strange device. "Conveyances to Sing-Sing?" and, were it not for our guide's assurance that it was all right, would have believed ourselves travelers by necessity rather than pleasure, and the victims of a confidence dodge.

Pausing a few moments to hear a female go over the entire history of her girlhood and

married life, à la Mrs. Nickleby, we resumed our walk and talk.

"Does Mr. Greeley make much out of his farming?"

"If you mean money, I guess not; but if you mean health, lots."

"Then, he doesn't work for profit?"

"No. You see he comes here once a week or so, when he's tired with writin' and lecturin', and swings his ax, as I think, just for fun and exercise. Do you know they say that if a man what's got consumption only takes a plow and follows it in his bare feet, that it'll cure him sure?—and as for chopping, why it's just—"

"But Mr. Greeley has a very large place, and it must require a great want of fun to take care of everything himself."

"You're right there, stranger; but if he worked the place for money, he wouldn't like it a bit more nor he does."

"You have a market here, it seems. What's the use of a market where everybody's a farmer?"

"Well, that's odd, I know. They call this Tompkins Market, but it isn't the business centre. I'll tell you what, you can't get as many different traps in a store at the city as you can yonder."

We believe the man. The store is very contracted, and what one can't get there isn't worth having, although, on entering, you recognize the invitation to purchase boots and shoes only. It is a single building, in which one can buy hardware, straw hats, perfumery, wearing apparel, hair-brushes, shoe-blackening, and everything that can make life desirable.

"There's our stage over there. It's 'bout as old as anything here. You see Grant's head's on it. It may be, my friend—mark you, it may be—changed afore long."

"How long has it been on?"

"Well, when I come here, it had Washin'ton's on. Of course it had been there a long time. Then they washed him off and stuck Jackson on, and then another and another, until they got to Grant. Nobody's face goes on that stage unless he's a President, and I guess we've had 'em all."

While looking at this dissolving panorama of bygone Presidents, the proprietor joined the party; and, on learning our profession, begged us to paint the genial face of Mr. Greeley over that of a certain person of Washington.

A little further on, and about two hundred yards from the depot, is the northwest entrance to the famous Chappaqua farm. This contains eighty acres of ground, greatly diversified in appearance, and more or less improved by the occupant.

Before we could get half a dozen winks over the stone fence, our guide whisked us about, and saying, "There's the train; pike for the depot and Greeley!" took his hands from his pockets and started off like a grayhound.

As a person of good height, with shoulders slightly drooping, and hat resting carelessly on the back of the head, revealing a broad face of the kindest type, stepped on the platform, a crowd gathered about him, and our enthusiastic conductor pushed us with more goodwill than judgment into the midst of the throng.

"UNCLE HORACE'S COME HOME!"

now for the news?"

"Good-afternoon, John; a fine day. Helgho, George, how's your children to-day—better? That's good. Do you know whether those chaps from the city fixed my wall any?"

Then, noticing the gentlemen of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, he gave them a hearty reception.

"Ah, I see you beat me. Well, I suppose you have found out how I live when away from the *Tribune* office?"

"Thanks to a friend here, we have had a pleasant walk, but have not trespassed on your premises yet, preferring to await your arrival."

"All right, gentlemen. Now, if you'll step with me to the Post Office, I'll go over with you."

And again we started off on an easy walk.

The Post Office building, besides being a Government station, is a feed and seed-store. It is principally distinguished by having the main letter-rack outside, so that any one can help himself to the contents. The boxes are numbered, but begin with 25. The ladies are favored with a special set of boxes within the building, for the reason that a few Peeping Toms have helped themselves to *billet-doux*, intended for lighter fingers and more sympathetic hearts.

Mr. Greeley reached box 59, and taking the letters therein, led the way to the farm.

"You see this fine meadow-land running down to the stone wall? Well, when I came

here it was all bog, but I've drained it carefully, and it is now valuable ground."

Entering the grounds, we passed a dwelling formerly occupied by his family, but now in disuse. Close by is a small house which Mr. Greeley had built expressly for the use of the children who flock about him. This is shaded by two beautiful oak trees. Following a gentle slope, covered with a luxuriant carpet of grass, and brightened with many flowers, our attention is called to the walled spring, which furnishes water to the villagers.

On the left is the new barn—looking more like a Summer residence—in which is kept an elegant carriage that has seen little service. A grove of the splendid silver pine protects his garden and conservatory from cold winds.

The conservatory is about 30 by 15 feet in dimensions, and consists of two parts. The rear is intended for the housing of some tropical trees, and the front for exotic plants, of which he has a fine collection. The contents of this structure claim Mr. Greeley's special care.

Casting a glance at the old homestead, with the accompanying outbuildings, and passing through the picturesque dell with its rocky walls and noisy cascade, we enter the forest, where one always finds

MR. GREELEY IN HIS ELEMENT.

The retreat is filled with woodchucks, robins, squirrels of every description, rabbits, fence-mice, chip-monks, and other small animals.

He will not allow any dog the freedom of the grove, nor does he permit any visitor to molest in the slightest degree these lively pets. As a result, they are perfectly tamed, and when he passes through the avenues, with ax in hand and ladder on shoulder, they romp about his feet, and wink roguishly from stump or twig until he has passed.

It is extremely amusing to see how they form at a sort of dress parade, when they hear his familiar voice, and the moment he appears they put themselves on good behavior, and offer a reception that gives the highest pleasure to the "lord of the manor."

An irregular road extends from the entrance, running past the new barn, to the summit of the ridge, and thence skirts a fine valley which Mr. Greeley has brought into an excellent state of cultivation. Near by is another barn, occupied principally by his horses, cattle, poultry, and a miscellaneous assortment of grain and vegetables. The upper portion, used as a hay-loft, is furnished with all the modern apparatus for hoisting and cutting the feed.

Mr. Greeley's usual mode of work is to take a stroll through his orchard, trimming the trees carefully as he goes; then into the forest, where he will hew by the hour, opening new avenues and assorting the timber for general farm purposes.

When pretty well warmed, he indulges in some exercise rendered necessary by the seasons, and is never ashamed to be seen holding the plow or digging the ground.

He is at all times and places a hard worker, and we may add that he has a fine way of disposing bores.

"I have so many people coming to see me, that I lose the benefit of my short trip here if I give them the attention they demand. So, whenever I see any one that I think has no special business, I hand him an ax, and, pointing out a stout tree, tell him to chop it down. As a general thing, he will state his business or clear out very soon."

Darkness by this time having set in, a further inspection of the farm was postponed to the next day.

BOREAS ON AN OCEAN STEAMER.

"STEAMER-DAY" has come again, and it has, this year, found more earnest observers, and become more than ever a recognized feature of the week.

The cause of this may be traced to three facts: Firstly, the American people are every year becoming richer, and more appreciative of the advantages of a European tour, and thus the class of those who can and the class of those who wish to go to Europe are increasing rapidly; secondly, competition has reduced the fares so much, that very soon we may almost expect to see them a "drug in the market," for very cheapness; and, thirdly, the passage is made so quickly, that you haven't hardly time to get sea-sick. But as people will go to Europe, they must expect to figure in many ludicrous scenes on the steamer, and when they subsequently see themselves as others see them, they may renew the excitement without expense.

Our picture deals with a cold day, although at Spring-tide. The wind is cutting all sorts of

capers, blowing hats off, and dresses about, in the most rude and unceremonious manner, without as much as a "By your leave." Do our friends look happy? If they do, they are not. A sudden nor'easter has sprung up, and great guns are abundant. The smoke-stack, which deals out to the heavens a modicum of warmth, is a comfort after the tourist's own heart. One friend has a severe attack of "gone-ness," and looks as if he would like to be anywhere but on the wild sea-wave. The young lady who is reclining in a steamer-chair, near the young man—whose hat, like the rolling *ignis fatuus*, is leading him a futile chase—deserves unqualified admiration. She evidently does not care a fig for the obtruding blusterer, is bound not to be sea-sick, hasn't even a headache, and will come out first best in the tussle.

She is the only happy one in the party, with the exception of the foreign gentleman behind her, who is leaning on the rail gazing into the depths. He is an experienced traveler, and is tough. He can stand any gale of wind, blow it never so strongly. The person to the left of the smoke-stack, beyond the connecting-pipe, who with his hand raised in the air is nobly doing his best to master the situation and explain the mysteries of "the vast illimitable expanse of water," is scarcely listened to by the few to whom his remarks are addressed, and his attempt must be considered a failure. The two girls in the centre of the group command our utmost sympathy, as a ghastly smile darkens their countenance, the effect of a miserable joke "pumped" out of the companion who is standing with his hands in his trousers-pockets. The youth on the extreme right feels conscious of losing his head, and is holding his anatomy together with the utmost vim. The man by his side looks as if he has just been whistling. Let him be happy if he can. We do not begrudge it him, and his companions are too exhausted to complain. Very soon the shades of night descend, and under the cloak of darkness the group we have described dissolve, one by one, and steal away to their berths.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

Pio Nono was 80 on the 13th inst.

CARL SCHURZ goes to Europe in June.

The Pope refused to receive the German Envoy.

The Emperor of China, 16 years old, will soon marry.

JULES FERRY, instead of coming to Washington as Minister, goes to Athens.

The New Jersey Grand Temple of Honor will be held at Newark on June 5th.

The Duke of Edinburgh will open the Dublin Fine Arts Exhibition in June.

ULYSSES I. has had a set of service embellished with his initials below a crown.

ONE of Doré's paintings has been rejected by a scrupulous art committee in Paris.

The Pope will not allow the King of Italy to be ill-spoken of in his presence.

The Duke de Noailles has been appointed Minister of France to the United States.

GUATEMALA is at peace, but will back Salvador, if called upon, in a war with Honduras.

The German Empress has returned to Berlin. She received a decoration from Victoria.

The Pope has a favorite black cat which sometimes eats from the same dish as his Holiness.

The Bostonians are mourning over the death of Signor Papanti, for 50 years their dancing-master.

The old Metairie race-course at New Orleans is to be converted into a cemetery for the corpses of the human race.

The widow of the late Governor-General of India has been appointed Honorary Lady of the Queen's Bedchamber.

The negotiations for the total evacuation of the remaining French territory by German troops are progressing favorably.

Of the 2,000 miners who have been engaged in the recent strike in Michigan, 1,250 are still idle, though keeping quiet.

It is said that 1,000 persons are willing to pay Grant \$1,000 each if he won't run again. This, from friends, looks bad.

FATHER CLEVELAND, of Boston, is dangerously ill. The 21st of June next will be the 100th anniversary of his birth.

TSENG-KWO-FAN, Viceroy of Nankin, the most powerful politician in China, and a determined opponent of foreigners, is dead.

JUDGE THREARD, of New Orleans, has decreed the restoration of the confiscated property of the late John Slidell to his heirs.

SINCE the death of the Prince Consort, Victoria has, with one exception, tolerated none but widows as her ladies-in-waiting.

The Boston Common Council has passed an order requesting the trustees of the Public Library to open the reading-room on Sundays.

The Emperor of China signaled the anniversary of his accession to the throne by liberating all but the first criminals of the Empire.

TYNDALL, the brilliant scientific lecturer, has definitely fixed, it is said, upon a lecturing trip through the United States during the year.

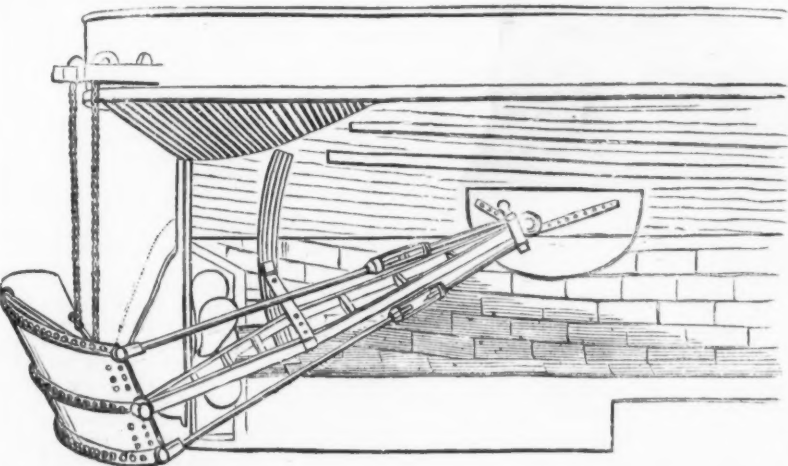
The King of Italy, the Sultan of Turkey and the representatives of other Powers, protest against the outrages on the Jews in Roumania.

MISS EYRE, of Philadelphia, whose romantic attachment for Colonel Downing, the Cherokee Chief, was last Fall rewarded by marriage with him, has recently died.

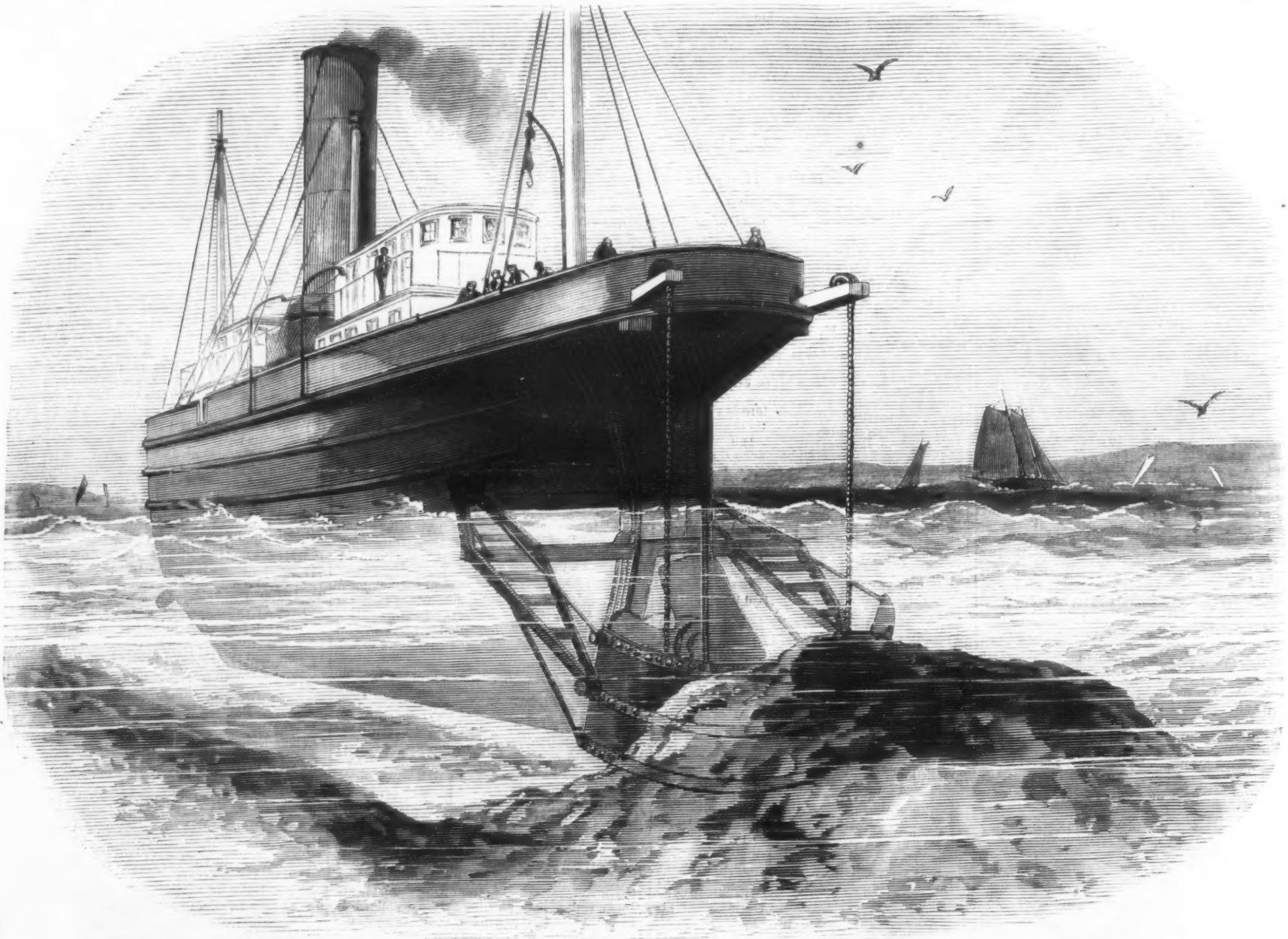
Does the President still believe in his assertion, that "the liberties of the country cannot be maintained without a One-Term amendment to the Constitution?"

GAVAZZI is said to be succeeding beyond his most sanguine expectations in raising money for the evangelization of Italy. He has received aid from quarters where he least looked for it.

The Spanish Government asks for authority to raise 40,000 fresh troops. This information is not easily reconciled with the recent representations that the Carlists are rapidly surrendering, and the Cubans thoroughly conquered.



THE BUCKET OR SHOVELING APPARATUS ATTACHED TO THE NEW DREDGING STEAMER.
SEE NEXT PAGE.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE NEW DREDGING STEAMER INTENDED FOR CLEARING THE MOUTH OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DENTON & POPJAY.

A WONDERFUL DREDGE-BOAT.

THE navigation of the Mississippi River has long been the subject of the song and oath. For years it has been gradually receiving from tributaries mud and sand, the accumulation of which has impeded the progress of steamers, besides giving the innumerable snags a foundation in which they would

cripple stout vessels before yielding. The greatest danger has always been near the mouth of the river. The sediment sweeps along until checked by the water in the Gulf, where the mass of mud and sand is deposited, forming immense bars. These have always excited apprehension. Were it not that artificial means are employed to remove the obstructing surface, the gate would long since

have been closed. Dredge-boats of the ordinary construction fail to cut through this barrier.

The importance of an uninterrupted passage being evident, the co-operation of the authorities at Washington was enlisted. As a practical result, we have seen a vessel which is but recently completed, built on novel principles, and destined to do an immense work. It was constructed at Steers's yard, Greenpoint.

Her length is 151 feet 8 inches, depth of hold 30 feet, and about 23 feet beam. She has a screw at both ends—at the after end one with three blades, 12 feet diameter and 14 feet pitch, for propelling exclusively; the forward end is provided with a screw also, but something a little different in its aspect. It has six blades instead of three, and looks like a big whirligig. The screw, like the one at the other end, is made of brass; its diameter is the same, and it alone weighs 23,900 pounds. The blades are made separate, and the boat carries extra blades, so that, in the event that any one should break, it can be taken out and a new one substituted. The forward screw performs two offices, viz.: that of impelling the vessel through the water by a drawing-on process, and digging in the mud and sand. It is worked by two oscillating engines, 40-inch bore by four-foot stroke, and will perform 65 to 80 revolutions per minute with thirty pounds of steam.

The three-bladed propeller is driven by a single oscillating engine, the same size and power with the others. Besides the six-bladed screw for digging, there is also a large scoop or drag, in the shape of a half-cylinder, made of three-eighths-inch boiler iron, with heavy wrought-iron rims and pinions. It is 12 feet deep, 20 feet concave linear measure, and will drag away fifteen tons of mud or sand at a load. The scoop is suspended from two strong davits overhanging the digging end of the boat, and is managed by means of a pair of powerful hoisting-engines forward. The boat is first driven, light, as far up on the bar or bank as possible. Then the scoop or drag, which hangs suspended from the davits, is let go on the run. Its great weight carries it far into the mud. Then the big six-bladed screw is set in motion, and at the same time the propeller at the other end commences whirling, to pull the boat off. The six-bladed propeller loosens up the mud, and adds greatly to the

impelling power, which, when both are working, is tremendous, dragging the great scoop, with its freight of fifteen tons of mud, out to sea. As the mud is worked away the sinking



THE VERY REV. FATHER THOMAS BURKE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY O'NEIL.



CUBA.—GRAVE OF THE LATE GONZALO CASTAÑON, ALLEGED TO HAVE BEEN DESECRATED BY THE HAVANA STUDENTS.

tanks are gradually filled, the boat settles deeper in the water, and the digging apparatus works in deeper mud. The boat is built in the most stanch manner, and is perfectly seaworthy. She is brig-rigged. Her bottom is of solid oak, 18 inches thick, and will stand any strain to which it is liable to be subjected. When at sea she will work both propellers, one pulling and one pushing, and it is supposed that her speed will be 18 miles per hour. This is certainly a triumph of mechanical skill

FATHER BURKE.

THE Rev. Thomas Burke, the eloquent Dominican friar, who has been residing in New York for several weeks past, has won hosts of friends by his rare oratorical

THE GENEVA ARBITRATORS.



HERR STAEMFELI, ARBITRATOR APPOINTED BY THE SWISS CONFEDERATION.

powers and genial manners. As soon as it was announced that he was about to visit this country, there was a very general disposition on the part of all classes to give him a cordial welcome, and since his residence among us he has endeared himself to all hearts, irrespective of religious feeling. Protestants have vied with Catholics to do him honor, and the gifted friar has been overwhelmed with kindnesses. He is a young man, free from prejudices. He is about five feet seven inches in height. His face is hardly an Irish face. It seems to indicate a dash of Indian blood. His complexion



BARON DE ITAJUBÁ, ARBITRATOR APPOINTED BY THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL.

is dark and his hair straight and black. His cheek-bones are very prominent. His forehead is low but broad, with an extraordinary development of the perceptive faculties, and his eyes black and glittering. His eyebrows nearly meet. He has straight features. He wears a coat without lapels, black pantaloons, and a black vest buttoned at the throat. A choker collar encircles his neck. His oratory is not impassionate. It is quiet and even, and is strewn with flowers of eloquence. He begins

talking with his hand in his waistcoat-pocket. After a minute he places both hands under his coat-tail. In another minute he brushes the dust from his waistcoat. Then he begins to emphasize his sentences with his head. Soon he has both his hands in his vest-pockets, and gradually brings to use his arms in gestures. His voice is exceedingly pleasant, and mellowed with the musical brogue of the West of Ireland. His flow of language is great. He is never at a loss for a word. When aroused to the highest pitch of eloquence, he beats his breast with great vehemence.

THE GRAVE OF CASTAÑON.

PROBABLY since the Cawnpore massacre no more horrible deed has disgraced humanity than the scene which occurred in the city of Havana on the 26th and 27th of November, 1871, culminating in the cruel and unlawful execution of eight boys, two hours after an illegally constituted council of war had pronounced sentence of death upon them. The result of investigation is, that the alleged profaning of the cemetery, which was the origin of the affair, was of the most trivial nature—utterly disproportioned to the cruelty of the punishment.

Mr. Alfred W. Hooper (an English gentleman, to whom we are indebted for the accompanying sketch) visited the Cemetery of San Lazaro on the 26th of January with some friends, when the only mark of profanation visible to them was a scratch, probably done with the diamond of a ring, on the glass covering of the niches!

Yet in Havana it ran like wildfire that the medical students had violated the sepulchres of two martyrs of the country, smashed the glass coverings, opened the niches and mutilated the corpses, finishing by writing rebel and ribald doggerels on the slabs and throwing dirt and mud over the inscriptions, and tearing to pieces the funeral crowns placed there by loving relatives and admiring friends.

Strange indeed is it that, amid all the uproar and clamor for their blood which was then created, it did not occur to any in Havana, from the terrified General Crespo downward, to go to the cemetery and see for themselves what the lads really had done.

To properly understand the alleged profanation, we must remind our readers that Spanish cemeteries are vastly different in their construction from those of the United States. The dead are not buried in the ground, but shelved in dry niches, built into walls of solid masonry. The nearest resemblance to it are the ovens or retorts in a gas-house, and if any of our readers will peep in at any one of the three immense gas-stations which exist in New York, they will be able to form a proper conception of what Spanish cemeteries are, as a rule. The bodies are packed away in curiously-shaped coffins in the niches, which, in row after row, present a most forbidding appearance. A stone slab seals the mouth of the niche, and on it the names, etc., of the deceased are inscribed. These slabs are of slate or marble, according to the wealth of the purchasers. Some inscriptions are protected by glass projections, be-

tween which and the slab, or *lapida*, often are placed lamps, flowers, immortelles, wreaths, crowns, crosses and virgins. Though the gaudiness of some of these decorations takes away from the general monotony of the whole, yet one can scarcely conceive in the wide world anything more gloomy, more depressing and more forbidding than a Spanish cemetery.

From the drawing of Gonzalo Castañon's tomb it will be seen that, excepting the scratches on the glass, no marks of profanation are visible. Yet, without investigation into the actual occurrences, without testimony of any reliable nature, forty-five boys were tried for their lives by an irregularly constituted council of war, who, sitting after a previous council had declared them innocent, sentenced eight of them to instant death, eleven to six years', twenty to four years', and four to six months' imprisonment, acquitting two, one of whom his foreign name alone seems to have saved.

The sequel to this sad story was made public on the 11th of May—too late for eight poor fellows to feel the tardy relief. By a royal decree a full pardon was granted the students, who, since their unjust conviction, have been sweeping the streets of Havana, in chains.

Amadeo I. has done well, and will no doubt secure a modicum of popularity; but will he be magnanimous to the lads so cruelly outraged, and offer a righteous reparation for the wrongs they have patiently borne? No royal order can restore the loyal sympathy of the victims or their friends; neither can royal promise nor proffer of regret heal the deep wounds inflicted on many hearts when eight of the boys were shot to death.

THE GENEVA ARBITRATORS.

THE Court of Arbitration was adjourned to June 15th, when, unless President Grant and Secretary Fish involve us in greater complications, its judicial functions

will commence. The following persons constitute this important body:

Charles Francis Adams, the representative of the United States, was born in Boston, 1807. He is the grandson of the second President of the United States, and son of the sixth. He is a lawyer by choice of profession, and has received many evidences of esteem from his native State. He has traveled extensively on the Continent, and was appointed by President Lincoln Minister to England in 1861.

Sir Alexander J. E. Cockburn, Lord Chief Justice, was born in London, in 1802, educated at Trinity College, admitted to the bar, and in 1841 made a Queen's Counsel. In 1850 he received the honor of Knighthood, and became Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas. In 1859 Lord Palmerston's Government appointed him Lord Chief Justice.

Count Sclopis, the nominee of the King of Italy, has held for many years the position of President of the Italian Senate. He is said to be one of the ablest jurists in his country.

Herr Staempfli, named by the President of the Swiss Confederation, has been honored with high trusts by his countrymen, and exerted a powerful influence in an editorial capacity.

Baron de Itajubá, the Brazilian member, has represented the Imperial Court of Brazil at



COUNT SCLOPIS, ARBITRATOR APPOINTED BY THE KING OF ITALY.

Berlin, Hamburg, Versailles, and is a lawyer. The greater part of his life has been occupied with public trusts, and he has become a fine diplomat.

No one will question the ability or integrity of these gentlemen. They have been chosen with a full determination on all sides for a strictly impartial consideration of the questions at issue between the two countries.

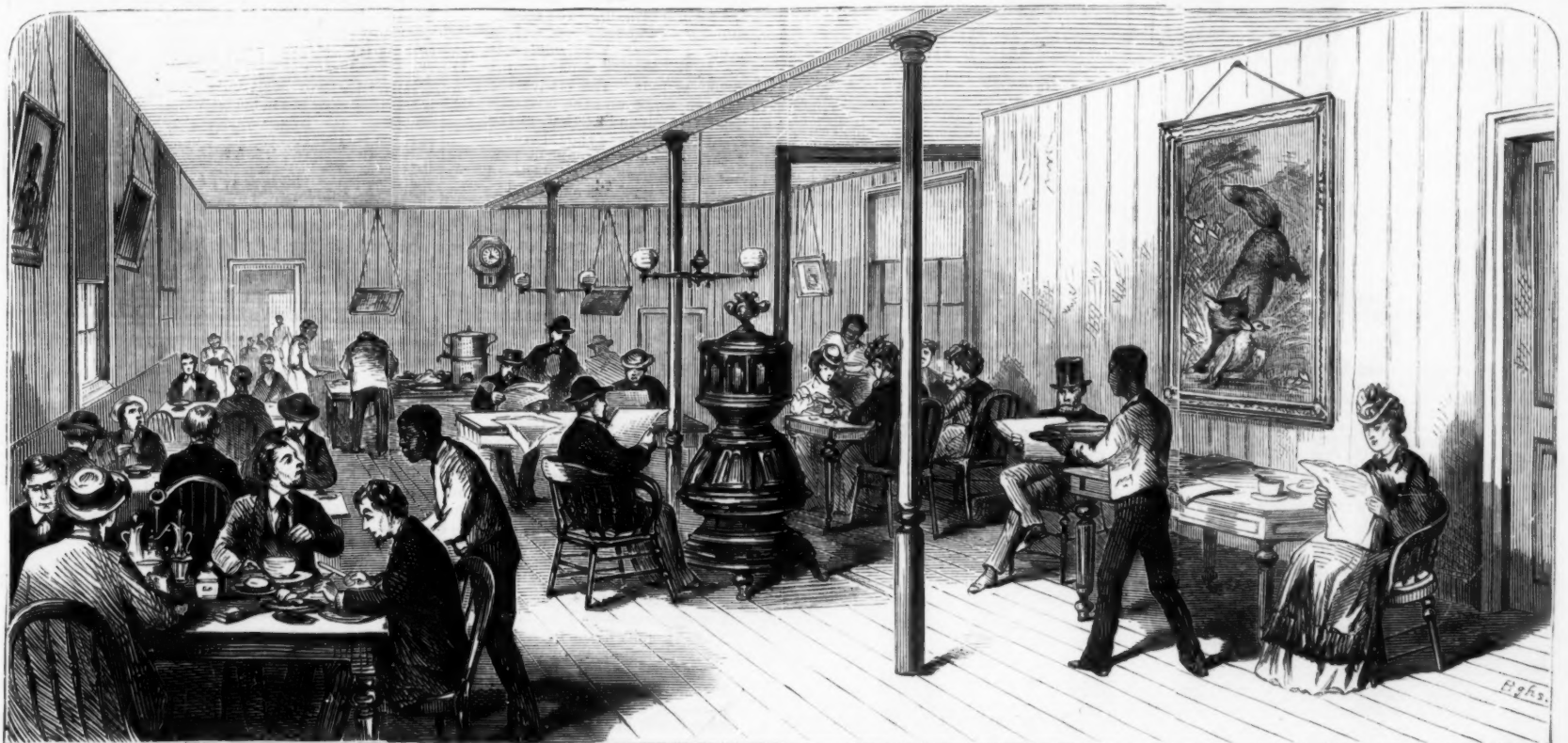
Their deliberations at Geneva will be watched with eagerness by the entire civilized world.



SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN, ARBITRATOR APPOINTED BY GREAT BRITAIN.

WORKINGMEN'S RESTAURANT, HARTFORD, CONN.

REFORMS of all kinds are the order of the day, and those which affect the working classes are sure to receive general sympathy. The practical-minded ladies of Hartford, Conn., have evinced a hearty appreciation of the wants of this class of inhabitants, and instead of resolving that destitution exists and should be ameliorated, have opened a first-class restaurant at No. 129 Market Street, where laborers can secure a wholesome meal at the lowest possible price. The management is vested in Mrs. Frank Cheney, and the Misses



CONNECTICUT.—WORKINGMEN'S RESTAURANT, CONDUCTED BY THE LADIES OF HARTFORD.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. C. CURTIS.

Sarah Dunham and Hammersley, Mr. Frank Cheney and Mr. Cornelius Dunham acting as the advisory board. The building is unpretentious in appearance, and comfortable in every respect. The dining-saloon is provided with all the necessary furniture, and is neatly papered. The large painting shown on the wall is a gift from a gentleman interested in the success of the enterprise, and a conspicuous feature. Besides the accommodations for eating, there are ample facilities for enjoying mental pabulum, an abundance of newspapers and books being always on hand.

If the object of the ladies was to cause mechanics and other poor workmen to frequent this pleasant restaurant, instead of bar-rooms, it has already been accomplished. At noon-time there is a great rush, and as one passes by the well-stocked tables, surprise is expressed that the opportunity of rendering so much good at so little an outlay has been so long neglected. The lady managers flit about the place, receiving courteous salutations from the beneficiaries, while, every day, ladies and gentlemen, well-known in the fashionable circles of the city, drop in to bear witness to the usefulness of the scheme.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

CHOICE extracts—The dentist's.
Pas de deux—Fathers of twins.
CHURCH artillery practice—Canonizing saints.
A NOISTY piece of crockery—The cup that cheers.
WHEN is charity like a bee? When it begins to hum.
WHY is FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER like the water in the croton reservoir? Because it reaches all classes.
A POET in Pittsburgh has sent to a local paper a poem in which he alludes to the dew as "the perspiration of the moon."
WHY are ladies out "shopping" like birds on the wing? Because it takes them a long time to settle upon their purchase (perches).
An eating-house keeper is liable to be cruelly robbed, for although he may catch the thief, he cannot insist on a restitution of the plunder.
A MINISTER recently was condoling with a father who had lost a son by death, when the father replied: "I was uncommon sorry to lose the boy, but there's no use crying over spilled milk."
HUSBAND—"I hope you have no objection to my getting weighed?" "Certainly not, my dear; but why ask the question?" "Only to see, my love, if you would allow me to have my weight for once."
TIME, night—Luna and several stars studying the blue vault. Youth and maiden leaning over a gate, and looking at the heavenly orbs. Maiden, filled with enthusiasm, points a taper finger toward the zenith, and exclaims, "Oh, Henry, let us study botany!"

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

MRS. COYNE, Richmond, N. Y., has used her Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Sewing Machine since September, 1857, for the work of a large family; learned to use it without any instruction, and in three days has made three shirts, hemmed three tablecloths and six towels. It is the only machine that does work nicely enough for her; her little daughter learned to use it in one afternoon, and can run it as fast and do as good work as any one. See the new improvements and Woods' Lock-Stitch Ripper.

THE CARNIVAL TEAM.—On Saturday afternoon the great Carnival team was in the streets with Hadley's Band, giving the citizens and strangers, who were seen in throngs, excellent music. On this occasion the team was driven by Mr. Ellis himself, and he handled the reins very cleverly. Many citizens were serenaded by the Band. Last evening a dispatch came to Mr. Ellis from Utica, requesting him to exhibit the great Carnival team in that city on Saturday next and partake of the hospitalities. The dispatch stated that many thousand citizens and strangers would look with eagerness for the display, as it would be advertised for a week in advance. In order to accept this invitation a change has been made in the programme, and the team will be shipped by rail to Utica on Friday next. After exhibiting at Utica it will go to Albany and Troy. It will then return to Syracuse and Rochester, and thence go to Canada, where there is great solicitude to see the horses. There will be another parade in this city on Wednesday next, preparatory to going eastward.—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

UNITED STATES WATCH CO.—This Company, we observe, continues to hold the leading position among American manufacturers; at the Fairs held in different parts of the country, where there has been great competition in this line, the Marlon (Giles, Wales & Co.), United States Watches, have been regarded as greatly superior in every particular to any on exhibition, and have been awarded the first premiums, over all competitors, in every fair where they have been exhibited.

OMAHA LEGAL ENTERPRISE.—\$150,000 in 3,000 Cash Prizes will positively be drawn in open public, May 30th, in aid of the Mercy Hospital at Omaha. Indorsed by the Governor and State authorities. Tickets \$3 each, or two for \$5. Last chance. Address, Pattee & Gardiner, Omaha, Nebraska, or Pattee & Co., real estate agents, 114 Broadway, New York City.

SUPPER parties can be accommodated at the Maison Dorée, corner of Broadway and Fourteenth Street, near Union Square. It is patronized by the elite of the fashion and the respectability of New York. If desired, parties of four or more can have a room to themselves. It is also the very place for ladies who have been out shopping to call and take a little luncheon in.

JOSEPH HOOVER, publisher of the finest chromos, respectfully calls the attention of the trade to his large and varied assortment of Foreign and American Chromos. No. 1,117 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

E. & H. T. Anthony & Co., 591 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel. Chromos and Frames, Stereoscopes and Views, Graphoscopes, Albums and Celebrities, Photo-Lantern Slides, and Photographic Materials.

THE new Colonnade Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa., is near several PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL Churches.

"Barnett's Cooking Extracts.—The best kinds extant."—Sears's National Review.

The People's Stamp of Value.—The government indorsement, which legalizes the sale of PLANTATION BITTERS, is not the only stamp affixed to that famous VEGETABLE TONIC. It bears, in addition to that official sanction, the STILL MORE VALUABLE STAMP OF PUBLIC APPROBATION. This inestimable voucher of its rare properties as a TONIC, CORRECTIVE and ALTERNATIVE is world wide.

For Moth Patches, Freckles, AND TAN, USE PERRY'S MOTH & FRECKLE LOTION—the only reliable and harmless remedy for Brown Discolorations of the Face. Sold by all Druggists. Depot, 49 Bond Street, N. Y. 870-75

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BOOK OF WONDERS.
Contains over 50 Splendid Illustrations, Rich and Rare. "Valuable Recipes" and Secrets worth knowing, etc. Send three-cent stamp to pay postage. Address, E. FOX & CO., Station "A," New York City.

DO YOU KNOW THAT GOOD CABLE SCREW WIRE BOOTS & SHOES Are Superior to All Others?

A PROTRUDING TOE is not a slightly thing, say nothing about health and comfort. SILVER-TIPPED Shoes never wear out at the toe. For sale by all dealers.

Institute for the Treatment of Diseases of the Chest.

202 EAST SIXTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK.
OUR Institute for the Treatment of Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Scrofula and other affections of the respiratory organs, has been established in the city of New York since 1859. By limiting our practice to the treatment of these diseases, we are enabled to give more attention to the individual requirements and symptoms of each case than a physician can who is engaged in general practice. Those interested in Consumption, its Cause, Prevention and Treatment, should read our Essay, which will be sent on receipt of stamp for postage. M. O'TOOLE, M.D., Examining and Consulting Physician, 202 East Sixteenth St., New York.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—For rheumatism, neuralgia, scrofula, cancer, sore leg, salt rheum and all eruptions, the ointment is the only safe and certain specific, and the pills are equally reliable in dyspepsia. Sold 75 Maiden Lane, N. Y. Price, 25 cents per pot or box. Ask for new style; the old is counterfeited.

MYSTERY!—By sending 35c. and date of birth, I will send you a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name, and date of marriage; also the *The Mysteries of Love, Courtship and Marriage*, sent. Address, D. C. CUTLER, Carthage, Ill.

B. Altman & Co.
331 & 333 Sixth Avenue. Will open on WEDNESDAY, MAY 22, with the finest, most extensive, and the cheapest assortment of goods ever presented. Each department has been replenished, and considerable reductions made, and we respectfully invite a call of inspection. Orders by mail promptly and faithfully executed.

SILKS.
Splendid assortment of Dress and Trimming Silks at extraordinary bargains. Our celebrated Lyons Gros-Grain Silk, at \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.25 per yard. Best Black Lustre and Taffeta Silk, suitable for lining Grenadine Dresses, 95c. to \$1.25 per yard. Japanese Silk in stripes, figured, and checks, 50c. and 60c. per yard.

LACES.
LACES, in Guipure, Colored Cluny, Real Valenciennes, Real Thread, etc. Gros-Grain and Taffeta Bonnet Ribbons, Rich Sash Ribbons, in all the fashionable colors and shades, very cheap.

PARASOLS.
A stock of over 250 different styles of Parasols are on hand, of the latest importations from Paris and Berlin, comprising the most novel, elegant and cheap assortment to be found in the city.

DRESS GOODS.
100,000 yards Grenadines, in single, double and treble, and narrow and broad. Very attractive goods. Reduced to 25c. per yard. 200 pieces Japanese FOU-LARD, IN CHINE stripes, and double and single stripes, 30c. Roubaix Poplin, all shades, reduced to 37c. Extra wide satin-stripe Lustre, 60c. Satin-stripe Wash Poplin, reduced to 25c. Immense stock of Dress Goods, in every material, color and shade, at equally low prices.

SUITS.
We shall offer this week the balance of our Spring stock of Domestic and Imported Walking and Traveling Suits and Costumes in Silk, Poplin, Mohair and Alpaca, at 45 per cent. less than cost, to make room for fresh arrival of New Summer Costumes. We desire to call especial attention to our Lawn and Linen Suit Department, which contains numerous styles and patterns, made up in the most desirable manner, at exceedingly low prices.

Underwear and Outfitting.
We have on hand an assortment in every style of Undergarments for Ladies and Misses, in plain, ordinary, fine and extra fine material, in Muslin, Cambric, Lawn and Linen, finished in the best manner and at the lowest possible prices; in Chemises, Drawers, Underskirts, Night-Robes, Walking Skirts, etc., made up in the most elegant manner, all at wonderfully low prices.

The most complete assortment of Housekeeping Goods, Table Damask Towels, Napkins, Marcelline Quilts, Piano and Table-Covers, Nottingham Laces, Nottingham Sets, Cushions, Real Tambour Lace Curtains, Tilles, Honeycomb Quilts, etc., at greatly reduced prices this week, at

B. ALTMAN & CO.'S,
331 & 333 Sixth Avenue.



India Camel's Hair Shawls.
We are now offering two lines of the regular make of

Black Filled Squares,
At \$150 and \$175, much below regular value.

Also, a full assortment of

FINE INDIA OPEN CENTRES,
From \$100 and upward.

Ranpoore Chudda Squares,
From \$25 and upward.

MEN'S HOSIERY AND UNDERWEAR.
Silk, Balbriggan, Lisle Thread, Gauze and Gossamer Merino, Men's Half-Hose in Same Fabrics, Ladies' and Children's Hosiery and Stock of Undergarments now Complete.

Spring & Summer Shawl Department.
Novelties Introduced this Season at very low prices.

RICH CARPETS.
FRESH ARRIVALS OF CARPETINGS.
We have open, a number of New Patterns FINE CARPETS, which, with those previously received, make our assortment EXTREMELY ATTRACTIVE.

Also, New Designs in
Velvet Tapestry, English Body Brussels, And a very fine line of

Crossley's Tapestry Brussels, Three-Ply and Ingrain Carpets, English and American Oil Cloths,

White, Check and Fancy Matting, At the LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

UPHOLSTERY GOODS.
Lace Curtains, Cornices, Shades, Table and Piano Covers, Etc., Etc.
ALL AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Brown's "Always Cool" Stove-Lid Lifter.

With Patent Hollow Handle.
A KITCHEN LUXURY.

Brown's Double Cone Ventilating Damper
THE BEST IN USE. PRICE 50 CENTS.

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LADIES Immense Success to Lady Canvasers. Every Lady will buy at sight. Largest pay ever given to Agents. Send for Circular. Mrs. A. M. Chambers, Cleveland, O. 870-71

WE OFFER ANY ONE OF THE Standard Sewing Machines and \$150 cash to any worthy lady for a few days' light, genteel, and agreeable employment. Address, LANGLEY & CO., 19 University Place, New York. 870-73

HORACE GREELEY'S GRAND MARCH, with a spirited and excellent portrait, 40 cents. "Dolly Varden Gallop," by Wm. A. Pond, Jr., with beautiful picture in colors, 50 cents; plain picture, 40 cents. "Lights Far Out at Sea," ballad, by Juch, 40 cents. WM. A. POND & CO., Publishers, No. 547 Broadway and No. 39 Union Square, New York.

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NOW OPENING, a FULL LINE OF NEW SPRING GOODS.
The Largest and Finest Selection in the City.
French and English Chip Hats, in all the newest shapes, \$3.50. English Round Hats and Bonnets.

RIBBONS.
Finest assortment of BONNET RIBBONS in the city, Nos. 4, 5, 7, 9, 12, 16 and 22, newest shades. GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES OF SASH RIBBONS.
100 cartons 7-inch, 85c., all colors. 50 cartons Fancy Plaids, 60c., 75c., 85c. 7-inch Black Gros-Grain, \$1, \$1.10, \$1.25.

7-inch Black Sash Ribbons, 75c.; warranted all silk. 7-inch Sash Ribbons, in all shades, 95c.; sold on Broadway for \$1.25. 6½-inch Sash Ribbons, in all shades, 85c.; warranted all silk.
All the New Shades and Colors at Less than Popular Prices.

Rich Laces—Black Thread and Guipure.
MEDIUM & EXTRA QUALITY BARBES, HANDKERCHIEFS, COLLARS & SETS.
Lace Collars, 25c., 35c., 60c., 65c., 75c., 85c., 95c. Ladies should examine our Made-up Lace Goods, Organdie Tunics, with Bretelles, from \$3 to \$5.75. Organdie Tunics, with Bretelles, with Lace, from \$7.75 and upward. Guipure Lace Sacques, Organdie Sacques, trimmed with lace, at all prices.

FLOWERS & FEATHERS.
Twenty cases Finest French Flowers, Wreaths, Head-dresses, and Feathers in all Novelties.

KID GLOVES.
200 doz. Lupin's two-button Kid Gloves, \$1.50 doz. Lupin's two-button Kid Gloves, \$1.35. Peridot Kid Gloves, two buttons. All these goods are of superior quality, and every pair warranted.

LADIES' SCARFS & TIES.
Now open, the most complete assortment of SCARFS and TIES in the city, and the CHEAPEST. N. B.—Reduction to the Trade. All Goods marked in Plain Figures.

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IMPORTER.
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Also, an endless variety of the choicest selection in

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NOVELLO'S PIANO MUSIC (BOOKS) 50c.
NOVELLO'S POPULAR SONG (BOOKS) 50c.
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NOVELLO'S OPERAS (Vocal Scores) \$1.00
NOVELLO'S OPERAS (Pianoforte Solos) 75c.

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At Boston, Mass.

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE of the WORLD'S PEACE JUBILEE AND INTERNATIONAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL respectfully announce that the great undertaking to which the music-loving people of the country have been looking forward for many months with such deep interest, will commence in Boston

On the Seventeenth Day of June,
And close

On the Fourth of July Next.

It is hardly necessary to state that the preparations for this great event have required the constant application for months of the thousands who are to participate in it, and have involved an enormous expenditure; but the committee feel confident that the time, labor and expense devoted to the successful development of so noble an enterprise must result in not only affording the highest gratification to all who may hear the glorious music to be rendered upon a scale of grandeur never before attempted, and witness the magnificent spectacle which such an assemblage must present, but that it will also confer a lasting benefit upon art, the country and the age.

While the programme of the first week of the Festival will embrace all the great features to be presented, including the chorus of

TWENTY THOUSAND VOICES,
THE

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The Most Powerful Organ Ever Built,

Together with many of the most eminent American and European bands and artists (among whom may be mentioned the great maestro,

Johann Strauss and his Famous Austrian Band

of fifty-six performers), the concerts to be given from first to last will surpass any series of musical entertainments ever presented to the American public.

SEASON TICKETS, transferable, admitting to all the Concerts from June 17th to July 4th, inclusive, FIFTY DOLLARS EACH, including reserved seats, now ready; and Tickets for single admission to each entertainment, during the first week, FIVE DOLLARS, with reserved seats, will be ready for sale on and after June 1, and may be had upon application, personally or by letter, to A. P. PECK, Music Hall, Boston.

Per order of the Executive Committee.

HENRY C. PARKER, Secretary.

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A WEEKLY review of the TURF, FIELD, and AQUATIC SPORTS, AGRICULTURE, ART, LITERATURE, CHESS, DRAUGHTS, BILLIARDS, VETERINARY, NATURAL HISTORY, and the STAGE.

Published every Friday by the

"TURF, FIELD, AND FARM ASSOCIATION,"
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Three concerts each three first days, the last day
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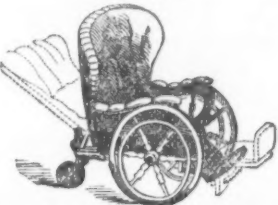
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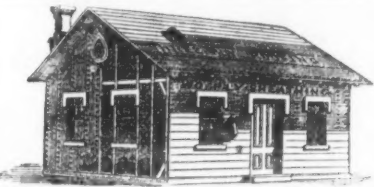
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REPORT OF JUDGES

TO THE GENERAL COMMITTEE

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the result of American capital, skill and
perseverance as specimens of this branch
of science and manufacture, rival those
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his Company are of all grades, from that
of the most exact timekeeper, to the cheaper
kind for the million. All are excellent of the
kind, and we too well know and appreciated
by the people, to need further comment.
This Premium is awarded to the
United States Watch Company.*

*E. J. Wayne
James Bonnell
William H. Davis* Judges

Price Lists furnished the Trade on application, including business card. For sale by the Trade generally.
Ask your Jeweler to see the MARION

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BEWARE of worthless imitations with which the country is flooded. To avoid im-
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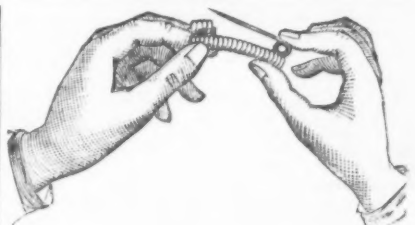
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It Takes 22 Inches of Wire to Construct
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IT OVERCOMES OBJECTIONS
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ORIENT SAFETY LAMPS,

Entirely of metal, are the only lamps in
use which can neither break, leak, nor
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Adapted to all household uses; also, to
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AGENTS MAKE \$10 A DAY

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HORACE WATERS,
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PIANOS, MELODEONS, and ORGANS of six
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LOW PRICES, FOR CASH, DURING THIS MONTH, or will
take a small portion cash, and balance in monthly or
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\$40, \$50, \$75 and \$100.

GOOD, DURABLE, AND CHEAP

SHIPPED READY FOR USE.

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Illustrated. Union Publishing
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AGENTS and Peddlers for our Press and Strainer.
Presses and strains jams, jellies, herbs, vege-
tables, lard, tallow, meats, cheese, etc.; quick and pro-
fitable. Over 60,000 sold in a few localities. Every
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"Chimney Corner"

PRIZE STORY,

THE BIRTH-MARK,

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

The Publisher of the CHIMNEY CORNER, to insure
his readers a story of extraordinary merit, during the
Winter offered

A PRIZE of \$1,500

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A PRIZE of \$1,000

FOR THE

Best Continued Stories.

The competition has been great, as a number of
very remarkable serial novels were offered for com-
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THE BIRTH-MARK,

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

This Tale, incomparable in plot and treatment, was
commenced in No. 366, and issued Monday, May 20th.
All who desire one of the cleverest novels ever writ-
ten in America, should commence to take the

"CHIMNEY CORNER,"

With
A charming Ch...
be given wit...
of the...
quali...
O...

anti Movement.

and there came forth smoke, which ascended toward
into a gigantic form, whose head was in the clouds
—THE THOUSAND AND ONE NIGHTS.

Sarah Dunham and Hammersley, Mr. Frank Cheney and Mr. Cornelius Dunham acting as the advisory board. The building is unpretentious in appearance, and comfortable in every respect. The dining-saloon is provided with all the necessary furniture, and is neatly papered. The large painting shown on the wall is a gift from a gentleman interested in the success of the enterprise, and a conspicuous feature. Besides the accommodations for eating, there are ample facilities for enjoying mental pabulum, an abundance of newspapers and books being always on hand.

If the object of the ladies was to cause mechanics and other poor workmen to frequent this pleasant restaurant, instead of bar-rooms, it has already been accomplished. At noon-time there is a great rush, and as one passes by the well-stocked tables, surprise is expressed that the opportunity of rendering so much good at so little an outlay has been so long neglected. The lady managers flit about the place, receiving courteous salutations from the beneficiaries, while, every day, ladies and gentlemen, well-known in the fashionable circles of the city, drop in to bear witness to the usefulness of the scheme.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

CHOICE extracts—The dentist's.
Pas de deux—Fathers of twins.
CHURCH artillery practice—Canonizing saints.
A noisy piece of crockery—The cup that cheers.
WHEN is charity like a bee? When it begins to hum.
WHY is FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER like the water in the croton reservoir? Because it reaches all classes.
A POET in Pittsburgh has sent to a local paper a poem in which he alludes to the dew as "the perspiration of the moon."
WHY are ladies out "shopping" like birds on the wing? Because it takes them a long time to settle upon their purchase (perches).
AN eating-house keeper is liable to be cruelly robbed, for although he may catch the thief, he cannot insist on a restitution of the plunder.
A MINISTER recently was condoling with a father who had lost a son by death, when the father replied: "I was uncommon sorry to lose the boy, but there's no use crying over spilled milk."
HUSBAND—"I hope you have no objection to my getting weighed?" "Certainly not, my dear; but why ask the question?" "Only to see, my love, if you would allow me to have my weigh for once."
TIME, night—Luna and several stars studying the blue vault. Youth and maiden leaning over a gate, and looking at the heavenly orbs. Maiden, filled with enthusiasm, points a taper finger toward the zenith, and exclaims, "Oh, Henry, let us study botany!"

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

MRS. COYNE, Richmond, N. Y., has used her Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Sewing Machine since September, 1857, for the work of a large family; learned to use it without any instruction, and in three days has made three shirts, hemmed three tablecloths and six towels. It is the only machine that does work nicely enough for her; her little daughter learned to use it in one afternoon, and can run it as fast and do as good work as any one. See the new improvements and Woods' Lock-Stitch Kipper.

THE CARNIVAL TEAM.—On Saturday afternoon the great Carnival team was in the streets with Hadley's Band, giving the citizens and strangers, who were seen in throngs, excellent music. On this occasion the team was driven by Mr. Ellis himself, and he handled the reins very cleverly. Many citizens were serenaded by the Band. Last evening a dispatch came to Mr. Ellis from Utica, requesting him to exhibit the great Carnival team in that city on Saturday next and partake of the hospitalities. The dispatch stated that many thousands of citizens and strangers would look with eagerness for the display, as it would be advertised for a week in advance. In order to accept this invitation a change has been made in the programme, and the team will be shipped by rail to Utica on Friday next. After exhibiting at Utica it will go to Albany and Troy. It will then return to Syracuse and Rochester, and thence go to Canada, where there is great solicitude to see the horses. There will be another parade in this city on Wednesday next, preparatory to going eastward.—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

UNITED STATES WATCH CO.—This Company, we observe, continues to hold the leading position among American manufacturers; at the fairs held in different parts of the country, where there has been great competition in this line, the Marion (Giles, Wales & Co.), United States Watches, have been regarded as greatly superior in every particular to any on exhibition, and have been awarded the first premiums, over all competitors, in every fair where they have been exhibited.

OMAHA LEGAL ENTERPRISE.—\$150,000 in 3,000 Cash Prizes will positively be drawn in open public, May 30th, in aid of the Mercy Hospital at Omaha. Indorsed by the Governor and State authorities. Tickets \$3 each, or two for \$5. Last chance. Address, Pattee & Gardner, Omaha, Nebraska, or Pattee & Co., real estate agents, 114 Broadway, New York City.

SUPPER parties can be accommodated at the Maison Dorée, corner of Broadway and Fourteenth Street, near Union Square. It is patronized by the elite of the fashion and the respectability of New York. If desired, parties of four or more can have a room to themselves. It is also the very place for ladies who have been out shopping to call and take a little luncheon in.

JOSEPH HOOVER, publisher of the finest chronos, respectfully calls the attention of the trade to his large and varied assortment of Foreign and American Chronos. No. 1,117 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

E. & H. T. Anthony & Co., 591 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel. Chromos and Frames, Stereoscopes and Views, Graphoscopes, Albums and Celebrated Photo-Lantern Slides, and Photographic Materials.

THE new Colonnade Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa., is near several PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL Churches.

"Burnett's Cooking Extracts.—The best kinds extant."—Stearns' National Review.

The People's Stamp of Value.—The government indorsement, which legalizes the sale of PLANTATION BIRDS, is not the only stamp affixed to that famous Vegetable Tonic. It bears, in addition to that official sanction, the STILL MORE VALUABLE STAMP OF PUBLIC APPROBATION. This inestimable voucher of its rare properties as a Tonic, CORRECTIVE and ALTERNATIVE is world wide.

For Moth Patches, Freckles, AND TAN, USE PERRY'S MOTH & FRECKLE LOTION—the only reliable and harmless remedy for Brown Discolorations of the Face. Sold by all Druggists. Depot, 49 Bond Street, N. Y. 870-75

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BOOK OF WONDERS.
Contains over 50 Splendid Illustrations, Rich and Rare, "Valuable Recipes" and Secrets worth knowing, etc. Send three-cent stamp to pay postage. Address, B. FOX & CO., Station "A," New York City.

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**CABLE SCREW WIRE
BOOTS & SHOES**
Are Superior to All Others?

A PROTRUDING TOE is not a slightly thing, say nothing about health and comfort. SILVERTIPPED Shoes never wear out at the toe. For sale by all dealers.

Institute for the Treatment of Diseases of the Chest.

202 EAST SIXTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK.
OUR Institute for the Treatment of Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Scrofula and other affections of the respiratory organs, has been established in the city of New York since 1859. By limiting our practice to the treatment of these diseases, we are enabled to give more attention to the individual requirements and symptoms of each case than a physician can who is engaged in general practice. Those interested in Consumption, its Cause, Prevention and Treatment, should read our Essay, which will be sent on receipt of stamp for postage. M. O'TOOLE, M.D., Examining and Consulting Physician, 202 East Sixteenth St., New York.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—For rheumatism, neuralgia, scrofula, cancer, sore leg, salt rheum and all eruptions, the ointment is the only safe and certain specific, and the Pills are equally reliable in dyspepsia. Sold 73 Maiden Lane, N. Y. Price, 25 cents per pot or box. Ask for new style; the old is counterfeited.

MYSTERY.—By sending 35c. and date of birth, I will send you a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name, and date of marriage; also the *Mysteries of Love, Courtship and Marriage*, sent. Address, D. C. CUTLER, Carthage, Ill.

B. Altman & Co.
331 & 333 Sixth Avenue. Will open on WEDNESDAY, MAY 22, with the finest, most extensive, and the cheapest assortment of Goods ever presented. Each department has been replenished, and considerable reductions made, and we respectfully invite a call of inspection. Orders by mail promptly and faithfully executed.

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Splendid assortment of Dress and Trimming Silks at extraordinary bargains. Our celebrated Lyons Gros-Grain Silk, at \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.25 per yard. Best Black Lusterine and Taffeta Silk, suitable for lining Grenadine Dresses, 95c. to \$1.25 per yard. Japanese Silk in stripes, figured, and checks, 50c. and 60c. per yard.

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LACES, in Guipure, Colored Cluny, Real Valenciennes, Real Thread, etc. Gros-Grain and Taffeta Bonnet Ribbons, Rich Sash Ribbons, in all the fashionable colors and shades, very cheap.

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A stock of over 250 different styles of Parasols are on hand, of the latest importations from Paris and Berlin, comprising the most novel, elegant and cheap assortment to be found in the city.

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100,000 yards Grenadines, in single, double and treble, and narrow and broad. Very attractive goods. Reduced to 25c. per yard. 200 pieces Japanese FOULARD, in CHINE stripe, and double and single stripes, 30c. Roubaix Poplin, all shades, reduced to 35c. Extra wide satin-stripe Lustre, 60c. Satin-stripe Wash Poplin, reduced to 25c. Immense stock of Dress Goods, in every material, color and shade, at equally low prices.

SUITS.

We shall offer this week the balance of our Spring stock of Domestic and Imported Walking and Traveling Suits and Costumes in Silk, Poplin, Mohair and Alpaca, at 45 per cent. less than cost, to make room for fresh arrival of New Summer Costumes. We desire to call especial attention to our Lawn and Linen Suit Department, which contains numerous styles and patterns, made up in the most desirable manner, at exceedingly low prices.

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We have on hand an assortment in every style of Undergarments for Ladies and Misses, in plain, ordinary, fine and extra fine material, in Muslin, Cambric, Lawn and Linen, finished in the best manner and at the lowest possible prices; in Chemises, Drawers, Underskirts, Night-Robes, Walking Skirts, etc., made up in the most elegant manner, all at wonderfully low prices.

The most complete assortment of Housekeeping Goods, Table Damask Towels, Napkins, Marseilles Quilts, Piano and Table-Covers, Nottingham Laces, Nottingham Sets, Cushions, Real Tambour Lace Curtains, Ties, Honeycomb Quilts, etc., at greatly reduced prices this week, at

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We are now offering two lines of the regular make of

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At \$150 and \$175, much below regular value.

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FINE INDIA OPEN CENTRES,

From \$100 and upward.

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Silk, Balbriggan, Lisle Thread, Gauze and Gossamer Merino, Men's Half-Hose in Same Fabrics, Ladies' and Children's Hosiery and Stock of Undergarments now Complete.

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Novelties Introduced this Season at very low prices.

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FRESH ARRIVALS OF CARPETINGS.

We have open, a number of New Patterns FINE CARPETS, which, with those previously received, make our assortment EXTREMELY ATTRACTIVE.

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And a very fine line of

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Three-Ply and Ingrain Carpets,

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White, Check and Fancy Matting,

At the LOWEST MARKET PRICES.

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Lace Curtains, Cornices, Shades,

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Etc., Etc.

ALL AT VERY LOW PRICES.

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With Patent Hollow Handle.

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GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES OF SASH RIBBONS.

100 cartons 7-inch, 80c., all colors. 50 cartons Fancy Plaids, 60c., 75c., 85c. 7-inch Black Gros-Grain, \$1.10, \$1.25.

7-inch Black Sash Ribbons, 75c.; warranted all silk. 7-inch Sash Ribbons, in all shades, 95c.; sold on Broadway for \$1.25. 6½-inch Sash Ribbons, in all shades, 85c.; warranted all silk.

All the New Shades and Colors at Less than Popular Prices.

Rich Laces—Black Thread and Guipure.

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Organdie Tunics, with Bricelles, from \$3 to \$5.75. Organdie Tunics, with Bricelles, with Lace, from \$7.75 and upward. Guipure Lace Sacques, Organdie Sacques, trimmed with lace, at all prices.

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Twenty cases Finest French Flowers, Wreaths, Head-dresses, and Feathers in all Novelties.

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200 doz. Lupin's two-button Kid Gloves, \$1.50 doz. Lupin's two-buttons, \$1.25; worth \$1.75.

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On the Seventeenth Day of June,

And close

On the Fourth of July Next.

It is hardly necessary to state that the preparations for this great event have required the constant application for months of the thousands who are to participate in it, and have involved an enormous expenditure; but the committee feel confident that the time, labor and expense devoted to the successful development of so noble an enterprise must result in not only affording the highest gratification to all who may hear the glorious music to be rendered upon a scale of grandeur never before attempted, and witness the magnificent spectacle which such an assemblage must present, but that it will also confer a lasting benefit upon art, the country and the age.

While the programme of the first week of the Festival will embrace all the great features to be presented, including the chorus of

TWENTY THOUSAND VOICES,

THE

Orchestra of Two Thousand Performers,

The Most Powerful Organ Ever Built,

Together with many of the most eminent American and European bands and artists (among whom may be mentioned the great maestro,

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of fifty-six performers), the concerts to be given from first to last will surpass any series of musical entertainments ever presented to the American public.

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HENRY C. PARKER, Secretary.

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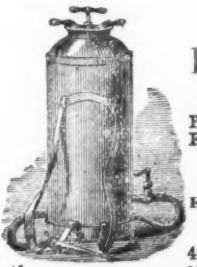
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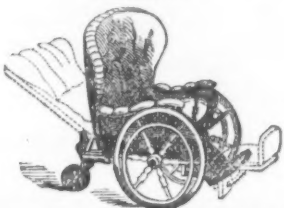
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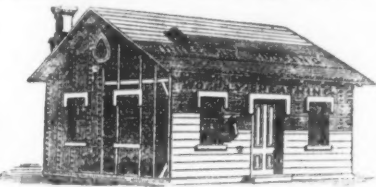


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First Premium is awarded to the
United States Watch Company.*

*E. J. Wayne
James Powell
William H. Davis* Judges

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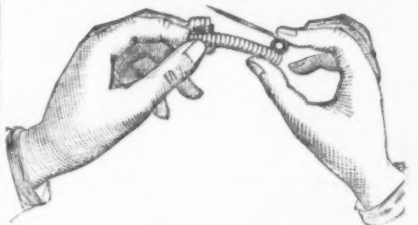


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The competition has been great, as a number of very remarkable serial novels were offered for competition. Among these, the Prize was awarded to

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This watch is made in the most substantial manner, on the most approved principles, and combines all the recent improvements. It has a new micrometrical regulator, by which the slightest variation can be easily corrected. It is carefully adjusted, and may be entirely relied on to run accurately, wear well, and

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